ENGLAND'S FIRST GREAT WAR MINISTER

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ENGLAND'S FIRST GREAT WAR MINISTER

How Wolsey made a New Army and Navy and organized the English Expedition to Artois and Flanders in 1513

And how things which happened then may inspire and guide us now in 1916

By ERNEST LAW

Many curious analogies with present events are recorded, such as: the equipment by Wolsey of the "New Army," as it was called; the hurried provision by him of munitions; the sea-fighting; the places passed through by the English—St. Omer, Aire, Armentières, Bergues, Béthune, Bixhoote, La Bassée, Furnes, Hulluch, Ypres, and, prophetically, let us hope, Carvin, Séclin, Lille and Tournay; the elaborate system of trenches round the fortresses; the intended use of poisonous gases against besiegers; the brutalities of German mercenaries; and the Spanish complaints of their "beastliness."

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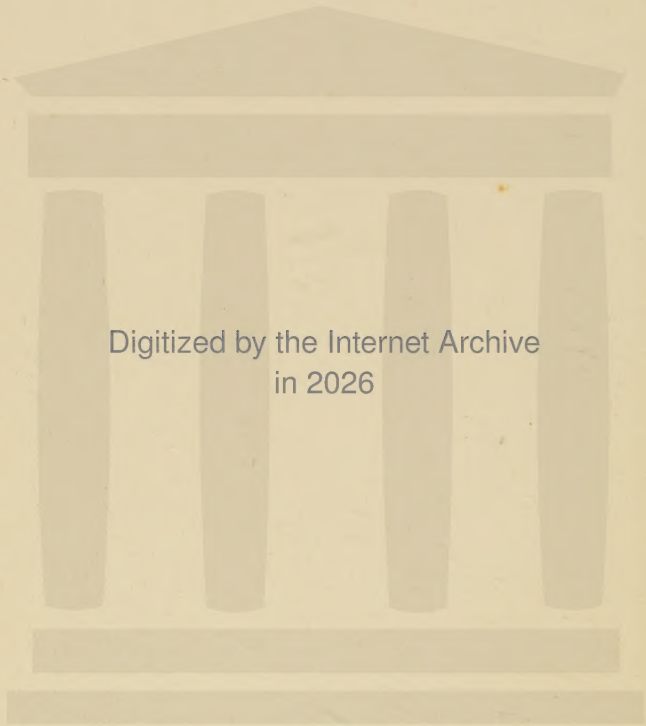

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BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

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PORTRAIT OF WOLSEY

ABOUT THE AGE OF FORTY.

Reproduced from the Drawing—perhaps made at Lille or Tournay in September, 1513—attributed to Jacques le Boucq of Artois, formerly in the Library of the town of Arras, now destroyed by the Germans.

The inscription : "*Thomas Vulsey, Cardinal d'Yorck*" is contemporary ; the words that follow : "*Authour du Schisme*" were evidently inserted at a much later time.

Frontispiece

ENGLAND'S FIRST GREAT WAR MINISTER:

How Wolsey made a New Army and Navy and organized the English Expedition to Artois and Flanders in 1513

And how things which happened then may inspire and guide us now in 1916

BY

ERNEST LAW

WITH PORTRAITS AND FACSIMILES

LONDON
GEORGE BELL & SONS, LTD.
1916

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PORTRAIT OF WOLSEY
AT THE AGE OF FORTY-FIVE.

Reproduced from the Picture
Painted for Henry VIII. in 1520 *of*
"THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD."

Face p. v

PREFACE

THE introductory remarks in the first chapter of this book, together with its table of contents, should sufficiently indicate its aim and scope without any formal preface. Nevertheless, there remain one or two points which seem to require brief notice here.

In the first place, it should be explained that for every statement of fact in the following pages the author has the warrant, either of original contemporary documents, or, when these were unattainable, of the best historical evidence available. Many of such authorities are referred to in the course of the text: where they are not so, the statements are, as a rule, based on the calendars of State Papers, or on the original documents themselves, therein referred to.

To all of these statements precise references will be furnished in a subsequent volume, which the author hopes to bring out later on, treating of all

the incidents of the campaign in full. In this will be also printed several documents never before published; besides maps, plans, and facsimiles of contemporary drawings, and reproductions of old prints—all illustrative of the events of the war and of the military life of that period.

Such a complete and detailed record will, it is hoped, afford a more vivid picture of the actual campaign than has been attempted in the summary in the present volume, the design of which is confined to describing the organization of the expedition, under Wolsey as War Minister.

At the same time, the author has endeavoured, while pointing the obvious morals to be drawn by us at the present hour from that wonderful work of his, to do something towards helping to lift the clouds of falsity which have so long hung over his character and achievements, and which only in our day have at last begun to be dispersed—owing mainly to the writings of two English churchmen, the late Rev. Dr. Brewer, and Mandel Creighton, Bishop of London.

Yet even now the general estimate of one, who should rank among the greatest of all English states-

men, is far too much founded on that travesty of the real man—the Wolsey of the play "King Henry the Eighth"; the Wolsey of Master Griffith's poor apology; the Wolsey of the speeches to Thomas Cromwell and of the famous "Farewell" soliloquies—in none of which, as the critics are now pretty well agreed, did Shakespeare have any hand at all, if, indeed, he had any but the smallest in any portion of the play.

Incidentally also the author has endeavoured to recall to Englishmen the memory of one of the earliest and greatest of England's many forgotten heroes—that splendid seaman Sir Edward Howard.

How is it that while there are monuments and memorials in this country to German musicians, German philosophers, German professors, there is not one to Cardinal Wolsey, not one to Admiral Howard?

Of the two facsimiles, which follow, of documents in the handwritings of these two illustrious Englishmen—Wolsey's War Memorandum, and Howard's last letter to Wolsey—nothing requires to be said beyond what is printed beneath them and in the text. They tell their own tale.

It is hoped that they may, perhaps, help the reader to understand something of that feeling of the actuality of historic events—something of that feeling of intimacy with historical characters—which is produced by handling and reading their own letters, written with their own hands, and showing all the hesitancies, erasures and corrections of their own current pens—giving a sense of personal contact with the past, which no reading of any modern printed version of a manuscript, or of any modern printed narrative, can ever arouse.

Of the three portraits of Wolsey inserted in this volume the first—the frontispiece—though now fairly well known to students, may still be new to many readers. The other two, neither of which has ever before been published, provide us with the most authentic representations of the great Cardinal anywhere existing in England. For further information on this topic, those interested in portraiture are referred to the Appendix, where the origin and the significance of all three portraits are discussed.

As to the many curious analogies and resemblances traceable between England at war in 1512 and 1513, and England at war from 1914 to 1916,

many are noticed in the text—the equipment by Wolsey of the "New Army," as it was called; the hurried provision by him of arms and ammunition; the sea-fighting; the elaborate system of trenches around the fortresses; the intended use of poisonous gases against besiegers; the places passed through by the English — St. Omer, Aire, Armentières, Béthune, La Bassée, Bixshoote, Hulluch, Furnes, Ypres; and — prophetically, let us hope — Carvin, Séclin, Lille and Tournay; the brutalities of German mercenaries; and the Spaniards' denunciation of their "beastliness."

Some of such analogies are merely curious. Others there are, that may really be helpful at the present time—reminding us how remarkably constant and persistent, through four centuries, have been certain English characteristics.

For, if, in the beginning of a contest, Englishmen generally—and still more their rulers—have too often been easy-going and careless; too often unduly confident about their task, and always inclined to think too lightly of their foes; equally have they, throughout their history, when once the true English spirit has been aroused, shown themselves deter-

mined and resolute to achieve their end and purpose to a degree never reached by any other nation in history.

Similar circumstances have ever resulted in similar issues; like trials called forth the same qualities; and if we may still trace the same faults and deficiences, equally may we hail the same indomitable will, the same unalterable, steadfast spirit.

If, for example, the terrible fiasco of Fontarabia in 1512—due to gross mismanagement by incompetent, wrangling, obstinate-minded ministers, and slow, foozling old officials, surviving from Henry VII's reign—is matched by the terrible fiasco of Mesopotamia now; so also is the transformation of our English army, wrought by Wolsey then, matched by the marvellous creation of our New English armies, wrought by Kitchener now.

Looking back into English history we can forecast, with unerring certainty, what will be the end of the great struggle on which we are engaged to-day.

E. L.

HAMPTON COURT:
August 4th, 1916.

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II Portrait of Wolsey about the Age of Forty-five. From the Picture of "The Field of the Cloth of Gold" . . . . . *To face page* v

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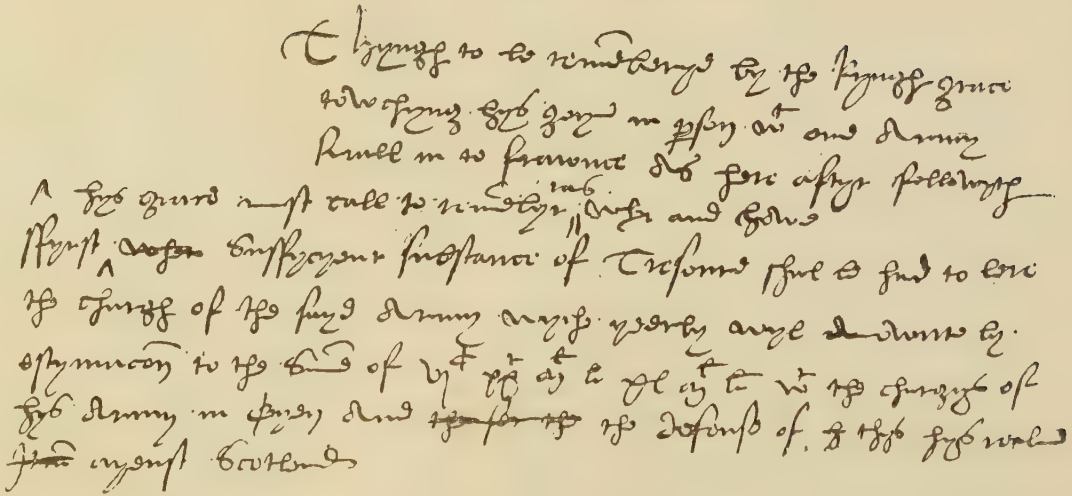

Facsimile, on a slightly reduced scale, of the heading of the draft of one of Wolsey's Memorandums, in his own handwriting, setting out in brief for Henry VIII, what would be the needs of the King's Army in money, men, arms, equipment and so on, for the expedition against France in 1513. (See pages 35 and 36.)

HEADING OF A WOLSEY WAR MEMORANDUM.

(See Facsimile opposite.)

Neglecting contractions and erasures, and modernizing the notation, it reads thus :—

Thynges to be remeberyed by the Kynges Grace towching hys goyng in person with one Army Riall in to Frawnce as here aftyr followyth :

Ffyrst hys Grace must call to remebyrans wher and howe suffycyent substance of Tresore shal be had to bere the charges of the sayd Army wyche yeerly wyl amownte by estymacon to the sume of £620,000, £40,000, with the chargys of hys Army in Gyen and the defense of thys realme ayenst Scotland.

therfor I pray you recomend me to the kyngs noble grace. And
show hym that he trust no tydyngs till here worde from me
for I shalbe the first that shall knowe it if I leve. and I shalbe
the first that shall sende hym word. Sir I pray you recomende
me to the qwenees noble grace. And I know well I nedenat
to pray her ~~for~~ to pray for our good spede and to all good ladies
and gentillwomen and to my felaws ~~s~~ Charles and s henry
gilford. and s spiallie recomende me to my lorde my father
besechyng hym of his blessyng. And s I pray you to knyt
up all. Wt have me moost humbly recomended to the kyngs
noble grace as his moost bounden servante as knowith our lord
who ever more sende hym victory of his enemyes And you
my speciall frende your most harth desire. Written in the mary
rose the vth day of aple. by your to my litill power.

Edwarde
Howard

Facsimile, very slightly reduced, of the end of Admiral Sir Edward Howard's last letter to Wolsey, written on the 5th April, 1513, at sea, on board his flagship the "Mary Rose," in "Plymouth Road." (*See* post *pages* 110, 115 *and* 116.)

PART OF ADMIRAL HOWARD'S LAST LETTER TO WOLSEY.

(See Facsimile opposite, and also pages 110, 115, etc.)

Therefor I pray you recomende me to the Kyngs noble Grace. And show hym that he trust no tydyngs till [he] here worde from me. For I shalbe the first that shall know it if I leve [live]. And I shalbe the first that shall sende hym word. Sir I pray you recomende me to the Qwene's noble Grace. And I know well I nede nat to pray her to pray for our good spede and to all good ladies and gentlewomen and to my felawes Sir Charles and Sir Henry Gilforde. And Sir speciallie recomende me to my lorde my father besechyng him of his blessyng. And Sir I pray you to knyt up all. With have me moost humbly recommended to the Kynges noble Grace as his moost bounden servaunte as knowith our Lord who ever more send him victory of his enemyes. And you my speciall frende yor most hartes desire. Written in the Mary Rose the vth day of Aprile by your to my litill power.

EDWARDE
HOWARD.

ERRATA.

On page 15, line 2, *read* "under failure and the taunts of foreigners."

On page 57, line 2, from the bottom, *read* "Englishman" *instead of* "Englishmen."

On page 96, line 8, *read* "have cited" *instead of* "have *not* cited."

PORTRAIT OF WOLSEY
ABOUT THE AGE OF FIFTY.

From the Painting in Trinity College, Oxford.

Face p. 1

ENGLAND'S FIRST GREAT WAR MINISTER

CHAPTER I.

AN EXPEDITION TO EFFACE A FAILURE.

A Successful but Forgotten Campaign—Curious Analogies with the Present—Wolsey the Organizer of Victory—A much Maligned Statesman—His Vast Responsibilities and Achievements—The Fiasco of Fontarabia—No Fighting, No Tents, No Beer—Terrible Disease and Sickness—The Army strikes for More Pay—In Defiance of Orders returns to England—Foreign Strictures on English Soldiers—Hesitating Counsels—"Wait and See"—"War Office Muddling"—The English scoffed at—Henry "explains" the Failure.

IT is strange how little attention has been bestowed by historians and military writers on the great English expedition to Picardy and Flanders in 1513, when Henry VIII, then only just twenty-two years of age, landed at Calais, and at the head of a force of fully 40,000 men, straightway advanced twenty-five miles into France; invested the then important fortress of Thérouanne—some eight or ten miles south of St. Omer—totally defeated, at the neighbouring village of Bomy—in the "Battle of the Spurs"—a greatly superior force of French troops

coming to its relief, and compelled the surrender of the town; then passed through Aire and Bethune on the way to Lille, which he entered in triumph; next marched eastward and laid siege to and captured the great mediæval fortress of Tournay, and finally drove the French entirely out of Flanders.

The neglect of such interesting and important military achievements is the more remarkable considering that in point of numbers King Henry's army was the largest that ever crossed the Channel in one body until the South African War; while the numbers mustered under his standard before the walls of Thérouanne and Tournay—augumented to upwards of 50,000 men by the incorporation of several regiments of Flemings and some 10,000 German mercenaries—surpassed by far the greatest English, not to say British, armies that ever operated on the continent of Europe until the month of August, 1914.

The explanation of this neglect seems to be that the operations in question, though remarkably successful in every way, led to no definite military results nor to any permanent political changes—campaigns and battles resounding in history rather from their ultimate influence on events, than from their instrinsic strategic or human interest.

Nevertheless there are many circumstances

which render this long-forgotten campaign deserving of study and investigation at the present time. One is that this expedition of Henry VIII's was the first occasion on which a King of England fought on the continent—with allies—for a distinctly International and European purpose, instead of, as in the earlier campaigns of Creçy, Poictiers, Agincourt, etc., for more dynastic aims and territorial acquisitions.

His allies, we may remark by the way, were the Emperor Maximilian and Ferdinand King of Arragon—a *triple entente* formed ostensibly to vindicate the independence and uphold the rights of the Holy See; but in effect banded together to maintain the balance of power in Europe against the overweening ambition of the King of France; though Henry had, as we shall see, objects to serve more personal than these.

Another thing that invests this early Tudor expedition with a present interest is the great many curious points of analogy between the warfare waged by Englishmen in Flanders in 1513, and the warfare waged by their descendants—now happily in alliance with their former ever-chivalrous foes—in 1916 over an identical area of country; while still more curious are the points of analogy between the preparations in England for the campaign then, and now.

Yet another thing worthy of notice to-day is that Henry's 40,000 men composed the most thoroughly organized, the best equipped and armed, and the most fully munitioned and provisioned of any army that ever advanced to victory beneath the standard of St. George, until the landing of the British Army under the command of Sir John French—on almost identically the same ground —a fact due solely to the incomparable genius, the amazing energy and thoroughness, and the wonderful organizing capacity of one man, who should take rank among the greatest war ministers England ever produced—Thomas Wolsey.

Remarkable is it, indeed, that a priest of only forty-two years of age, with no training except an academic and ecclesiastic one, and at the time holding nominally no higher office under his sovereign than that of "the King's Almoner"—intimate and confidential though it was—should have been able, by the mere force of his genius, to set aside the ordinary Ministers of State, and, concentrating all the strings of administration in his own hands, to assume the full control and direction of the naval as well as military preparations for keeping the Channel clear from the enemy's ships of war; for mustering from every part of England and Wales the flower of the nation's

manhood; in gathering them at the ports of embarkation; and in transporting them, with the inadequate means then available, across the Channel infested with hostile craft, without a hitch or the loss of a single man, to the military base at Calais.

Yet such was Wolsey's achievement, though the statement may come as a surprise to many, who have never thought of Henry VIII's mighty minister as anything else than a subtle Romanish priest, of over-weening ambition and intolerable pride, while at the same time the too-pliant tool of his imperious master: self-seeking, grasping and avaricious; one who, though worthy of some commendation as the founder and patron of seats of learning and the greatest builder of his age, is chiefly to be remembered, because his career may be held up as an awful but welcome warning of the just and inevitable ruin, that should always overtake worldly and ambitious men.

Such, indeed, has been the traditional Wolsey of ordinary English history, and such he has largely remained in the standard books of to-day—especially in those popular "primers" which distort historic truth for the supposed advantage of making a good moral impression, and in order to support preconceived ideas on religion, philosophy, politics and government, mislead the youth of England about

the story of their own country. This still continues to be the case, notwithstanding the researches, now fifty years old, of the late Dr. Brewer, who demonstrated from the indisputable evidence of original documents among the national archives—which until his time had lain buried, unknown and inaccessible—how false and prejudiced has been the common estimate of this truly great Englishman ; and how enormous should be his claim on our admiration and gratitude as the first—as he was one of the foremost —of England's foreign ministers, and the real founder of her Imperial greatness.

This is still the case, too, notwithstanding that this estimate of Brewer's has been in more recent years adopted and enforced by Prof. A. F. Pollard, the late Bishop Creighton, and other scholars, who have fully appreciated how all-comprehending must have been Wolsey's mind to enable him successfully to combine in his own person the duties of Lord Chancellor and Archbishop of York with those of universal minister to King Henry—concentrating under his own personal direction all the functions and responsibilities which are, in modern times, distributed between the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Home Secretary and Foreign Secretary, and transacting, to the wonder and amazement of the Venetian Ambassador "the same business as occupies

all the magistracies, offices and councils of Venice, both civil and criminal, and all state affairs let their nature be what it may."

That in the earlier part of his career, he should have also exercised, with no less conspicuous success, those now allotted to the First Lord of the Admiralty and the Secretary of State for War is, therefore, not so very surprising, though the fact has had scarcely sufficient stress laid on it by modern historians. Yet the evidence of the documents as calendared and published by Brewer, and still more when read in the originals, is most convincing on the point, proving Wolsey to have been one of the greatest war-controlling ministers England has ever had—with perhaps the sole exception of the elder Pitt.

It was, indeed, his firm grasp of the whole international political situation, his wonderful organization of the King's military forces and his masterly conduct of the war itself, that first won for him that complete trust from the King, and that absolute influence and power which he held undisputed until his fall.

That this opportunity should have come to Wolsey was partly due to Henry's having had—as we have already indicated—strong personal motives of his own in seeking a triumphant success for his

campaign of 1513. For he wanted to assert his own importance as a factor in European politics, and to show his mettle in warfare.

Still more did he wish to efface the very bad impression, which had been produced throughout Europe, by the utter failure of an earlier military venture of his against France.

This was in the summer of 1512, when, at the instigation of his father-in-law, Ferdinand of Arragon, he had landed what in modern pompous parlance would be designated an "Expeditionary Force," but which we may be allowed, perhaps—fortified by the example of Lord Kitchener and Lord French, and the protests of many other soldiers—to speak of in plain English as an "Army," at St. Sebastian, on the coast of Spain, in the Bay of Biscay, with the object of attacking from there the province of Guienne and of bringing it once more under the English Crown.

The enterprise, however, had ended in a fiasco, owing chiefly to Ferdinand's not supporting it or co-operating with it, but merely using it as a cover for his own purpose of overrunning and annexing the Kingdom of Navarre. "It grieveth your subjects very sore," writes King Henry's Ambassador, "that they do lie as soldiers here and do nothing, but lose the time and spend your treasure." "Martial

exercises," writes another, "are not kept up; and the army hath not seen the feats of war."

The English Army, in fact, was allowed to advance no further than twelve miles—to Fontarabia. There, reduced to inaction and demoralized thereby—composed as it mainly was of raw troops hastily levied, fixed in a foreign country without tents or any proper shelter; in a season of incessant rains and a heat of almost tropical fierceness; "their clothing wasted and worn, and their money spent"; with bad and strange food—they had got completely out of hand.

What had chiefly upset the men was the want of the beer they were accustomed to—the allowance being in those days a gallon a day for each man—and they had declined to accept as a substitute either the cider or the wine of the country. "The hot wines," they said, "do burn them and the cider doth cast them in disease and sickness"—"making their blood," according to the chronicler, "to boil in their bellies that 3000 of them fell ill of the flux (dysentery), and thereof 1800 died." The upshot was that there was a general strike for more pay—8*d.* instead of 6*d.* a day—equal to as many shillings in modern currency.

Not getting what they demanded, officers as well as men forced the Council of War and the Com-

mander-in-Chief, the Marquis of Dorset—who were probably not at all reluctant to be forced—to bring the whole force home, in direct violation of the King's pledged word to Ferdinand, and in defiance of his imperative commands. Not that they objected to fighting, but to the hardships of war without warfare. Henry, when he heard of it, was furious, and wrote to his father-in-law to cut the throat of any man who refused obedience.

But the hold of the Crown over the military forces of the nation was at that early period of his reign much less effective than it became a year or two after, when Wolsey's firm controlling hand began to be felt. So we are less astonished than we should otherwise be to learn that by the time the letter reached Ferdinand the force was already on the high seas on its way home. Henry had at first intended to bring Dorset and his associates to trial; but perhaps on the advice of Wolsey, who owed to the Marquis his introduction to the King, he thought better of it; and the sponge was passed over the whole affair.

Nevertheless, the return of the English army from Spain made the very worst impression abroad. In every direction the cry was taken up that the English were incurably intractable; their King impotent to control them; their aristocracy given

over to pageantry, tournaments and hunting; the commonalty thriftless and idle; and their soldiers untrained and insubordinate.

Especially censorious was Henry's father-in-law, who complained with bitterness that "the English being unaccustomed to war, did not know how to behave in a campaign;" and though he acknowledged they were "strong and stout-hearted and stood firm in battle, and never thought of taking flight," yet that "they shirked the labours and hardships inevitably entailed on soldiers in war;" and that "they were self-indulgent and idle, inconstant and fickle, rash and quarrelsome, and incapable of acting in concert with allies.'

Another fault he found with the English was their ineradicable tendency to procrastination—always shirking coming to a decision, and always hesitating to carry it out when at last arrived at. This he again and again refers to in his correspondence with his Ambassadors, and afterwards, at the last, when his treacherous conduct was discovered, he gave it as his justification for secretly making a separate truce with the King of France. There must have been something in what he said about England's hesitating counsels at the time of the Expedition to Spain, for the same complaint was made by the Ambassadors themselves: "The King's Council

would talk for hours," they said, "and decide nothing" —"Wait and See," in fact.

Afterwards, when Wolsey was at the helm, and a great new English fleet was sailing the Bay of Biscay, and an immense and powerful English army was mustered ready to take the field, Ferdinand becoming envious and jealous, changed his tone, and his grievance was rather that England was too much in a hurry; that things ought to be allowed to lag a bit to see what the other side was going to do; and that time should be given for the development of events, which might result in a European peace—asking, in fact, for the very thing he had formerly complained of—"Wait and See."

The worst of it was that a certain amount of King Ferdinand's criticism was only too true; and as Dr. Knight, the English Ambassador in Spain, wrote to Wolsey from St. Sebastian, "their enemies," on the other hand, "were men of long continuance in war; full of policy (that is long thought out schemes and plans) and *privy to all our deeds*, and we *clean the contrary!*"

As an instance of the muddle and incompetency of the "War Office" of the time, before Wolsey took control, Knight mentioned that of 8,000 bowmen not 200 were properly armed! But, as he shrewdly added: "it is no use blaming anybody,

as it would end in mutual recrimination, which is not expedient at this time"—nor, we may be sure, at any other time either. For in this stock phrase we seem to hear the well-known, unmistakable voice of the regular Government hack, clamouring for a screen to be erected, behind which his delinquent political patrons may stow away, to be hidden for ever, all their follies and failures and misdeeds.

But though the criticisms levelled against the English people and the English Army, by allies and enemies alike, were largely well-founded, they were not the less keenly resented by the young King Henry on that account as a serious reflection on his honour and credit. They touched him, high spirited and chivalrous as well as ambitious as he was, to the quick. Especially did he wince under the taunts of Margaret Duchess of Savoy, daughter of the Emperor Maximilian and Governess of the Netherlands, who, among other sarcasms, maliciously declared to the King's special envoy at Brussels, Sir Thomas Boleyn, father of Anne Boleyn, that "Englishmen had so long abstained from war" (whereby she meant real continental war as distinguished from paltry Civil War) "that they lacked experience from misuse, and if report were true, they were *sick of it already!*"

To this early variant of "the contemptible little

army," Boleyn retorted that the English view was "they were then only in the beginning of the war; but within *three years* coming" (Wolsey, perhaps, suggested this cautious limit) "she would learn from their deeds what stuff English soldiers were made of, and she would find them neither to be weary, nor to lack experience."

When the incident was reported to Henry he was excessively nettled, and at once caused a circular to be dispatched to all his diplomatic agents abroad explaining that "the withdrawal of the army from Spain had been mutually agreed upon between the King of England and the King of Arragon on account of the rainy weather." This, though perhaps very "diplomatic," was hardly true, and in all the Courts of Europe the excuses of the youthful sovereign, everywhere known to be false, were received with derision.

CHAPTER II.

WOLSEY AS WAR MINISTER.

A New Expedition against France—Wolsey in Supreme Control—His Office near Whitehall—His Immense Preparations—Curious Ancient Naval Documents—Wolsey's Fight against Apathy, Slowness and Waste—Delinquencies of Pursers and Purveyors—Absorbs all the Prerogatives of the Crown—Old Councillors shelved—No Leisure for Talk—His Aloofness from Pushing Self-seekers—His Imperiousness in Council—Absorbed in his Master's and Country's Business—His Ceaseless Labours—No Week-end Jaunts for Him—His Health Affected—His Stupendous Task.

HENRY VIII was not the man to sit down under the failure and taunts of foreigners. So to make good the words of his ambassador, and to wipe out as soon as possible the stigma of the Fontarabian fiasco and restore his damaged prestige, he at once decided on launching a new great expedition against France—this time across the Channel into Picardy, Artois, and French Flanders—and in a fortunate hour he turned to his Almoner to help him in his great enterprise. Speedily and splendidly did Wolsey justify the immense confidence and trust thus reposed in him. Forthwith he bent all his energies to the task allotted to him, and

straightway in every direction and in every sphere the control of the master-hand is at once apparent.

"The management of the war," says Brewer, "in all its multifarious details has fallen into his hands. It is he who determines the sums of money needful for the expedition, the line of march, the number and the arrangement of the troops, even the fashion of their armour and the barding of their horses. It is he who superintends the infinite details consequent on the shipment of a large army."

His "lodgings" in the King's Palace of Westminster, close to the historic Whitehall, which has succeeded it as the official centre of the kingdom, became, in fact, an Admiralty, a War Office, a Foreign Office, and a Treasury all in one, where sat what we should call a "War Committee"—a committee of one man, responsible only to one man —his Royal Master. Here, as Brewer puts it, "Ambassadors, Admirals, Generals, paymasters, pursers, secretaries, men of all grades, and in every sort of employment, crowd about him for advice and information. By the unconscious homage paid to genius in times of difficulty, he stands confessed as the master and guiding spirit of the age."

Thus it was that the preparations for the conflict, vast and elaborate as they were for that age, when we consider means of travel, transport and communica-

tion, moved with unexampled precision, smoothness and rapidity. For swiftly, like a mysterious influence, a new spirit was overspreading England; and in the torn, worm-eaten, faded parchment rolls and State papers of the time—which long lay mouldering in the Tower, but are now carefully preserved in the Record Office, reverently deciphered, perused, arranged and tabulated—we seem to hear the echo, as it were, of the fashioning of arms and the mustering of men in every corner of the land; the arming, and the manning, and the loading of ships in every port on the coast.

Relating to the naval preparations one may read in the Record Office document after document, which clearly must have been drawn up under Wolsey's direction, and some of which are all scored over with his annotations and alterations. One of them is particularly curious in this respect. It is entitled:—"The Boke of the Kynges Armye on the Sea"—and is inscribed:—"The Names of the Ships, Captains and Masters, with the number as well of the Soldiers as Mariners and Tons, which be appointed to be in the King's Army by the Sea this year." Part of this very interesting manuscript is entirely in Wolsey's handwriting and the rest corrected by him; while all through it he has altered the names of the Captains—cutting out old "dug-

outs" of the Wars of the Roses probably—and put in others; while he has apportioned all the gunners.

But absolute as must have been Wolsey's control, with the support and authority of the King, over all naval matters as well as military ones; yet even so, many, it is evident, must have been his anxious hours, when so often it was the old, old story—and it is to be feared, the ever-new one also — of foresight encountering unconquerable denseness and slowness; of energy meeting somnolent, complaisant apathy. And then, all of a sudden, this mood giving way to a sort of surprised and remorseful awakening, with a feverish making up for lost time, well enough in itself, perhaps, and indeed often wonderful enough; but bearing the inevitable consequence of hastily devised expedients, and appalling and wanton waste—waste of valuable material and good food especially — that perennial and apparently ineradicable vice of our countrymen, particularly among the common people.

Over and over again we come across in the correspondence of the time—Wolsey's and others'—references to such things: notably in regard to provisions for the fleet, and strictures on the delinquencies of pursers and purveyors. Now someone is complaining of a "lack on the part of the pursers, who have allowed a great part of the foists

(casks for beer) to be burnt ;" now another—Fox, Bishop of Winchester—declaring that "the pursers deserve hanging in this matter."

Thus it was that Wolsey, with the Admiral, Vice-Admirals and captains all clamouring for victuals for their ships, was unable to supply them. To the Admiral he had to write that he "could not give him the desired supply of victuals for six weeks if foists be not more plentifully brought for the Navy to (South) Hampton, instead of being wastefully burnt and broken. Some ships, ten weeks ago, received 756 pipes, and have redelivered scarce 80 foists of them !"

All this sort of thing not only vexed the economic soul of the King's Almoner, but also roused his deepest ire as jeopardizing the success of the whole expedition. "This appears," he goes on to say angrily, "to have been done by some lewd persons that would not have the King's Navy continue any longer on the sea ! Orders should at once be given that the offenders be punished. Otherwise it will lead to the failure of the enterprise, and the Admiral will be blamed."

This somewhat sharp reminder to the Admiral in command, Sir Edward Howard—the Earl of Surrey's second son, of whom we shall have a good deal to say shortly—seems to have had good effect.

For not only did Wolsey do things thoroughly himself, but he had a way of inspiring confidence and arousing something like awe in others, which led to their doing things themselves thoroughly also.

And as yet no murmurs were heard against the pride of place and arrogance of power of this obscure ecclesiastic—this upstart of ungentle birth, whom the King had sworn of his Privy Council and admitted to his most intimate life; and who, though untrained in arms and ignorant of all martial exercises and exploits, was unobtrusively, almost imperceptibly, but at the same time firmly and securely, gathering to himself and wielding "the State's whole thunder," and all the mighty prerogatives of the Crown, for the waging of a great Continental war. The old councillors of the Sovereign—the sagacious heads who had aided the young King's father to lay deep the foundations of the Tudor throne, and who had guided him when he himself mounted it; but who had to bear the heavy responsibility of the failure of the expedition to Spain—were at first ignored, next quietly set aside, then superseded. In some cases—such as those of old Archbishop Warham and Sir Thomas Lovell—they wisely bowed before superior genius, and acquiesced in their own supercession.

In other cases they nurtured, though they did not

always dare to give utterance to, fierce projects of revenge. Among these last were Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey, afterwards second Duke of Norfolk of the House of Howard, and the ill-fated Buckingham—so soon to suffer that penalty of the block, which, with a too outspoken complacency, he had looked forward to inflicting on the favourite minister, in the event—rashly imagined by him—of the death of the King. Others, on the other hand, like the old Marquis of Dorset, Fox, Bishop of Winchester, and Ruthal, Bishop of Durham, recognizing that the star of the King's right-hand man was in the ascendant, willingly offered him their aid in his herculean task, agreeing, in fact, frankly to "work under him."

And, work, indeed, was there for all—and to spare. Wolsey himself was indefatigable. All the affairs of the Departments of State which he was controlling for the war, were disposed of with astonishing despatch. No time and no energy was wasted. Above all, he hated *talk;* and importunate chatterers and dalliers received short shrift from him. Hedged in by a series of secretaries and understrappers—like any modern war minister—one had to traverse three or four rooms, we are told by a foreign observer, before the inner closet could be reached where sat the great man himself.

Naturally this sort of thing did not conduce to popularity; and no wonder that every foiled, pestering busybody, or self-seeking schemer, went away reviling him. Very important personages—in their own estimation—often fared little better. "No one obtains audience from him," wrote the Venetian Ambassador a few years after the time we are treating of, "unless at the third or fourth attempt; and he adopts this plan even with the great lords and nobles of England." This keeping at bay all but those who came on really important business of State was much satirized afterwards, and formed the subject of many a biting couplet of Skelton's:—

> ". . . My Lordes Grace
> Has now no time or place
> To speak to you as yet:
> So may they may sit or flit,
> Sit or walk or ride
> And his layser abide,
> Perchance half a yere,
> And be never the nere."

But "to those men that sought him" with some valuable contribution towards the work in hand—at this time the war with France—it is evident that he was always "sweet as summer," and accessible enough. We gather this from many little indications in the documents of the time, especially his

own grave, earnest correspondence—the reflex of his clear and penetrating mind.

Occasionally there were meetings of the Council —a cabinet of only some half-dozen members. For, benighted as people are supposed to be have been in those days, they were not quite so benighted as to entrust for two years the supreme direction of their affairs in a great war to a heterogeneous body of some twenty-three wrangling members. And even so the Council, when it met, had little to do but to register the advice already tendered by Wolsey and accepted by the King.

> " Clapping his rod on the board
> No man dare speak a word,
> For he hath all the saying
> Without any renaying
> He rolleth in his records,
> And saith, ' How say ye, my Lords,' "

is the description Skelton, his bitterest enemy, gives of his demeanour in the Council chamber.

The fact is that Wolsey had in his life's work but one watchword—" The King's business "—which was *his* business, and his country's business, so that when that was in issue he considered others but little, and spared himself not at all. By this entire single-mindedness of aim those opposed to him were placed at a disadvantage, which an Ambassa-

dor of the King of France laid his finger on, when he complained of him as: "one who is entirely devoted to his master's interests—a man as difficult to manage as may be." Needless to say it also served him in good stead when breathing life and vigour into the great machine of war, which he may almost be said to have created, and which he was bent on raising to its highest degree of efficiency—so that when the time came it moved, with precision and celerity, irresistibly towards its appointed goal.

In the meanwhile he sought no respite from his ever-growing task; he gave no thought to repose. In later years, when his health began to fail, he would steal away from London on his mule or in his barge for a few days' rest and change in his house by the Thames. But that was in peace-time, and at this earlier period he had no such quiet resort to go to; moreover, we may be pretty sure that in war-time, in the din of strenuous preparation for a great campaign, there would have been few, if any, week-end jaunts for Wolsey.

Indeed his friends were much concerned at the way he was over-working himself. Thus we find Fox, Bishop of Winchester, writing to him during the time of greatest stress: "I pray God send us speed and soon deliver you out of your outrageous charge and labour, else ye shall have a cold

stomach, little sleep, a pale visage, and thin belly, *cum pari egestione*." In fact it is not unlikely that the strain he went through at this time, reacting on a constitution never robust, may have laid the seeds of the many ailments which he suffered from in after years, and which brought him to an early grave.

For his task was truly colossal. As Brewer puts it: "To bring together a large army from every part of England; to secure unity of action among officers, who had never before served together; to assemble shipping from different ports; to ascertain the tonnage and sailing capacity of the transports; to make the necessary provision of beef, bread and beer; to place all on board without confusion—all this demanded an amount of forethought, energy, patience and administrative genius not to be found in any other man of that age."

Yet this great and difficult, indeed stupendous, undertaking was achieved by Wolsey—and with unexampled success—because his one single powerful mind oversaw, controlled, and dominated everything.

Such a concentrated control was, in truth, the foundation of his influence and his power; as well as of his immense success in administration. At the same time it was one of the prime causes, which

contributed to his downfall. For one thing, it helped, as we have just indicated, to break down his health ; as the area of his activities continually expanded ; until the strain became at last too much even for his untiring brain to stand. Moreover, it led him into a growing reluctance to delegate work to younger men ; or to repose trust in those who might have lightened a burden that no man could bear alone. The few he did make use of, and the few he did trust, were devoted to him ; the others came to see no way for themselves but in his entire and irretrievable ruin.

CHAPTER III.

WOLSEY AS MINISTER OF FINANCE.

Rigid Financial Control—Sharp Scrutiny of Contracts and Prices—Patriotic Economy—Anger of the Profiteers—Wolsey insists on Good Food for the Troops—Plenty of Good Beer—Public and Private Waste—The King's Privy Expenses—His Gambling Losses—His Secret Payments—His fast "Set"—Henry "a Good old Sport"—Wolsey regulates the Royal Expenditure—His Financial Reforms—"Do it Now"—Henry's Revenues—Wolsey's Memo of "Things to be remembered"—All Expenditures and Contingencies Anticipated—No "Wait and See"—Wolsey's Foresight.

AS the preparations for the War proceed, Wolsey seems to get a still tighter grip of things, and his hand is traced in all directions. Not least is this the case in the financial sphere; for like the true loyal servant of his King and country that he was, he both disregarded the clamours of interested persons and neglected his own popularity, in not allowing the Crown to be robbed. In fact he exhibited that most difficult and rarest form of patriotism, a keen desire for public economy, exercising a rigid financial control, which—though, of course, it enraged the war-job hunters, the needy

parasites of the King, the whole crew of self-seeking tradesmen, and all the forestallers, regraters and profiteers—saved the nation immense sums of money and left it ample means for urgent needs.

For instance, when buying salt fish for the troops and fleet, he would be content with nothing less than the best, and at the most favourable prices to the Crown—holding what may seem to many people now-a-days the ridiculous and foolish idea that the State should pay less, and not more, than private individuals, for what it required. When contracting for fat oxen for salting, he would only have the finest beasts from Lincolnshire and Holland; and he insisted on securing rebates for the hides and the tallow. The prices of flitches of bacon are also submitted to him, likewise those of biscuits, cheese, dry cod, ling, beef, bacon; also of "cauldrons to seethe meat in," etc.

Bills and accounts, in endless number, pass under his scrutiny; and on many we may read notes made by him in his own handwriting. Into every document, indeed, in every department the eagle eye of Wolsey peered; thereby, it is only too evident, gradually raising up throughout the whole public service a host of enemies, who found their schemes for peculation of the money of the King foiled at every turn; and who, seventeen years

after, swelled the cry of exultation when the great minister fell.

Above all Wolsey was determined that the sailors afloat and the soldiers in the field should be properly fed, and get all the bread, beef, and beer they wanted. He appreciated the importance of fighting men having good food, and he took warning from the Fontarabian failure to make sure that the men were well provided with good English beer, and plenty of it too. But not at all at excessive prices to the Exchequer: and he makes sure that the casks which it is shipped in are sound, so that there should be no fear of the beer going bad after it had been some time on board. He protests also against the damaging and wasting of the empty casks, which should be mended and made to serve again—guarding his master's and his country's purse always and everywhere as though it were his own.

And not only is the soldiers' and sailors' food his care; but all the innumerable needs likewise of a navy on a war footing, and an army in the field. There must be plenty of tankards and platters, of course, so their prices are gone into; and that of wool, too; and we find him in correspondence about getting a large consignment of it past the Straits of Gibraltar, and arranging for the chartering of

Spanish ships to bring it, and many other military and naval stores besides, over to England, and to victual the fleet in the Channel.

Notes in his own handwriting also exist showing that, besides approving the pay of the seamen, he investigated such varied minor points as the wages of the servitors on board his Majesty's ships; the cost of masters' and pilots' coats; the pay of the archers and spearmen in the permanent garrison at Calais; the cost of anchors and cables for the fleet.

Again, in the Record Office is to be found an original letter of his to Sir Robert Dymoke, telling him that "he has *bargained*" (which of our haughty Cabinet Ministers would think of condescending to *bargain* with anybody in the interests of the State, as the "proud prelate" Wolsey did?)—that "he has bargained with the bearer, one John van Esyll of Acon [? Aachen], for the carrying of the King's two great culverins [siege guns] with 28 mares at 10d a day for each mare."

It is from casual documents such as these, by chance preserved to us out of masses which have perished, that we have to build up an idea of how Wolsey's activities ranged over the whole area of the Kingdom's preparation for war.

By such searching methods, as we have recounted, Wolsey, as Finance Minister to Henry VIII, put

an effective check on the waste and extravagance then, as always, prevalent in the Naval and Military supply services, and then, indeed, in every other department of the public administration as well.

But he did more than this : for he undertook and carried through in the midst of all his vast preparations for the great war—for "the great war" it most certainly was to the men of that time—and during its progress likewise, the reorganization of the whole system of the finances of the Kingdom.

Until he took the problem in hand, there had been no regular accounting, no control and no audit. The King, of course, helped himself whenever he wanted. Not only was he constantly drawing out large sums of money—amounting to hundreds of pounds—for such diverse prodigalities as presents to ambassadors, alms, jewelry, plate, horses, arms, saddlery, the tiltyard, Christmas-boxes, New Year's gifts, tournaments, balls, masques, revels, interludes ; but he also drew even more largely still—thousands of pounds every year—for his losses at the gaming table, dice and card-playing, and his bets at tennis and other sports.

Many thousands more went out yearly with no other indication of their destination than the words "For the King's Use" in the "Boke of the Kynges Paymentes"—the money being paid into the hands

of Sir William Compton, Henry's most intimate and confidential favourite, and a pretty dissolute fellow too himself to boot. We can very well guess, therefore, in what directions most of these secret payments must have made their way—to Elizabeth Blount, for instance, afterwards Lady Talboys, whom King Henry, according to that first-rate archivist the late Major Martin Hume, brought back with him from Calais at the end of the campaign, and who afterwards bore him a son, Henry Duke of Richmond.

More than all this: Henry not only helped himself freely but he also allowed his companions—the men of his "set," as we should call them now-a-days, all rather wild, spendthrift, if not dissipated, young men—to help themselves almost as freely also. Many of them were frequently hard up, owing to extravagance or gambling; and were accommodated with grants of every kind, on pretexts of all sorts; or with loans never seriously meant to be repaid, though sometimes a pretence was made of pledging their plate or jewels as security.

At the same time, in all this it must be conceded that Henry had the good qualities of his defects, and was, in his earlier years, distinctly what we should now call "a good old sport," always ready to pull a pal out of a hole, or lend him a helping hand, and a wide-open helping purse, too, to enable

him to squeeze out of a tight place. In after years, not being so flush of cash as he was in the beginning of his reign, when he always had his cautious, canny father's savings handy to dip into, avarice grew on him, and he was not so easily got at in that way. But as yet he was generous, open-handed, and profuse to a fault.

By all this sort of thing, Wolsey, ever a most careful husbandman of the resources of the Crown, was, of course, very gravely worried ; and more than once at this period he gave vent to his anxiety in an uneasy exclamation about "the way the King's money goes out in every corner" : which even he, with his firm reforming hand, could not altogether put a stop to. But he regulated it, convincing the King that it was to his own interests at least to possess an exact record when, how and to whom his money was going out, so that, in subsequent years, the book of his "Privy Purse Expenses" set out his gambling losses in full, and his lavish presents to ladies also—even to the great sum he spent on his "entirely beloved sweetheart's"—the Lady Anne's—black satin night-gown.

Wolsey doubtless foresaw the time when the late King's hoardings would give out, and there would be difficulties and disagreements with Parliament about getting the subsidies necessary to carry out his

already projected, far-seeing schemes of Imperial policy. So on he went determinedly with his financial economies and reforms, in spite of the clamour of interested parties such as scoundrelly "purveyors"—"contractors" as we should call them now—idle hangers-on of the Court, and all the pestilent parasites of the King: and so successfully did he do so that he was able to reduce the expenditure of the year after the war to half what it was before the war, and in the year after that—1515—to half what it was in 1514.

No humbugging "Master Almoner" with the plausible, putting-off cry: "Nothing must be done to amend the existing fiscal system until after the end of the war"—when it would have been too late, and everything forgotten. "Do it now" was the maxim Wolsey acted on; and he did it.

"The extraordinary reduction of expenditure," says Brewer, "from the moment that Wolsey came into power is one of the most remarkable feats of his administration, and shows how entirely he has been misunderstood by modern histories"—or as one should rather, perhaps, now say, the older historians.

To meet his ordinary expenditure Henry VIII had sources of income, from the rents of the Crown lands and the confiscated properties of attainted

nobles, far in excess of what any of his predecessors had had; besides other means of revenue such as fines, recognizances, licences, wardships, customs on exports and imports—the ordinary allowance of "tonnage and poundage," 3*s.* on every tun of wine imported and 1*s.* a lb. on all other goods—granted at the beginning of his reign, and irrespective of occasional grants of special taxation provided from time to time by Parliament. Then, apart from all these, were the large accumulations of capital, already referred to, which Henry had inherited from his penurious father—estimated by some historians to have reached £1,800,000—and which were as yet, though rapidly dwindling, still available for drawing upon whenever Henry was at all put to it.

But all these resources were, of course, not sufficient to meet the enormous cost of the war, which was the chief concern of Wolsey in his capacity of King Henry's Minister of Finance; and in regard to which a curiously interesting memorandum of his, in his own handwriting, for submission to the King, still survives. It is entitled, "Things to be remembered by the King's Grace, touching his going in person with an Army Royal into France." Though entered in Brewer's "Calendar of State Papers" under the month of April 1513, it is clear from internal evidence that it belongs to a much earlier

date—the end of 1512, probably—or quite the beginning of 1513.

Setting down the number of fighting men who would be required at 30,000—afterwards increased to 40,000—how many cavalry and how many infantry there should be: how they were to be equipped and how armed, Wolsey estimates the sum needed for carrying on the war at £640,000 a year—equivalent to about £12,000,000 in modern currency—that is, the cost to the King's Exchequer, exclusive of the expense the feudal lords would be put to.

This memorandum, it may be remarked by the way, is by no means a solitary instance of Wolsey's far-seeing methods, and his practice, as the preparations go forward, of always being in advance of events—never Micawber-like "Waiting to See."

Thus, in another similar memorandum, drawn up some months later, he not only sets out in anticipation all his arrangements for the transporting of the main Army Corps, with the King and his Staff, to Calais—what number of transports would be required, of what tonnage, and at what cost; how the men were to be distributed among them; how many smaller vessels for victualling purposes would also be required, some to ply between London and Southampton—not only does he set out all these and other points, but he also, at the same time, looks

so far ahead as to make provision, before ever a man of them had crossed the Channel to France, for their coming back to England, even forestalling prospective and contingent difficulties to the extent of allowing in his arrangements and calculations for the possibility of the King and his Army being kept on the other side, by adverse winds, some time beyond the date provisionally fixed for their return.

Again, in yet another similar document, of a little later date, we have a detailed estimate, drawn up for submission to Henry, of all the expenses, "outward and homeward," likely to be incurred for the needs of "the whole Army Royal," which was "to pass over with the King's most Royal Person . . . to serve his Highness in the parts of Flanders." Full particulars are set out in it of the cost of uniforms; of mustering and marching expenses; of "wages and diets . . . for the English foot and their captains," and "for the horsemen" as well. Likewise, we have the probable number of "waggons for victuals" and their cost, and also the charges for the garrison of Calais, including artillery and ammunition, for a period of six months. All these, after making ample allowance for contingencies, Wolsey estimates will amount to £372,404 18*s.* 8*d.*

Consequently, whatever happens Wolsey is prepared for it. Whatever the turn of events, he is

never taken unawares, is never surprised, never disconcerted; and therefore, from his lips is never drawn that pitiable admission of our present-day political opportunists, who, when the inevitable results of their own hesitating, floundering, impotent, pettifogging policy are revealed, can only exclaim: "Who'd have ever thought it?"

CHAPTER IV.

WOLSEY'S WAR BUDGET OF 1513.

Application to Parliament—Large Sums willingly Granted—A Venetian's Report—Particulars of the New Taxes—New Fiscal Principles—"Unheard-of Sums of Money"—A Speech in Parliament on the War and Finance—A "Ginger" Optimist—Provisions of Wolsey's War Budget of 1513—Onerous Direct Taxation—Inquisitorial Valuations—Comparison with his War Budget of 1523—All the Blame and Odium on the Minister—The King's Cunning Pretence of Ignorance—The Venetian Ambassador's Accurate Information—Diplomatic Life in London during the War Preparations—Hospitality at the Venetian Embassy.

ONE of the chief problems propounded by the King's Almoner in his note of "Things to be remembered" is: "How the money is to be got to the extent required?" Needless to say, there was one easy way of solving it—by applying to Parliament—and this Henry, in confident reliance on its loyalty and patriotism, straightway proceeded to do. Needless also, perhaps, to say, that the members responded with willingness and alacrity to the proposals put before them, voting with little debate, and with the most eager enthusiasm, "£600,000 for the expenses of the war, to be paid before the King

crosses the Channel; and as he has offered to go in person to France, the Parliament proposes to give him more money, if needed, until the end of the war, and that he should have as many troops as he chooses."

This is the account given by a particularly well-informed Italian merchant settled in London, writing from that city to his brothers in Venice. An equally well-informed young diplomat, Nicolò di Favri by name, who was an attaché at the Venetian Embassy in London, in a long letter to a friend—the son-in-law of the Venetian Ambassador, Andrea Badoer—furnishes him with details as to how the money was raised. "A tax of a tenth has been levied throughout the Kingdom: the Lords and great personages pay according to their property; tradesmen, servants and attendants one [four ?] penny a head, equal to 28 Venetian 'piccoli.' This tax will yield a million of gold (equal says a Venetian merchant to £600,000 sterling); so that, you see, the King means real business in this war."

Lord Herbert of Cherbury, in his "History of Henry VIII" (following Holinshed and Stow), gives us a few further particulars derived from the rolls and records of Parliament, which serve to amplify di Favri's information: "The King," says Herbert, "obtained two-fifteenths and four demies

(property tax). He had also a kind of subsidy, called Head or Poll-money: that is, of every Duke (there was only one Duke then, the Duke of Buckingham), ten marks (£6 13*s.* 4*d.*); an Earl, five pounds; a Lord, four pounds; a Knight, four marks (£4 5*s.* 4*d.*); every man valued at eight hundred pounds in goods, four marks; and so after that rate till him who had forty shillings in wages, who paid twelve pence, after which everyone who was above fifteen years of age, paid four pence." Multiplying these figures by 15 to 20, we get roughly their modern equivalents in our current coin.

The voting of such heavy, almost crushing taxation, based in some respects on fiscal principles hitherto unknown to English finance; and the raising thereby of "unheard-of sums of money to carry on the war by sea and land, on which the Parliament of England has resolved"—as James IV of Scotland, with no little vexation and annoyance, observed in a letter to the King of Denmark—"in spite of the outcry of the English against tax-gatherers"—are topics, both of which, strange to say, Hall, in his "Chronicle," passed over altogether.

This omission on his part to refer to such very significant events, is doubtless the reason why many succeeding historians, who made full use of his information and implicitly followed his authority,

likewise overlooked them—Grafton of course, for his chronicle was entirely founded on Hall's, and in some portions is nothing more than a mere word-for-word copy of it; Hume, at a later period, naturally enough; and in more recent times, writers on constitutional history, such as Hallam and Stubbs—and coming still later—even Brewer himself.

Brewer's overlooking of them was probably due to there being but scanty reference to what happened in this important session of Parliament among the manuscripts in the Record Office: or, indeed, in any other repository of Tudor archives in England.

Nevertheless, that there was some discussion on the scheme of new taxation put before the two Houses by Henry's financial advisers—the King's Almoner in effect—becomes manifest in what is an extremely rare thing in Parliamentary history—a surviving report of a speech in the House of Commons in the reign of Henry VIII—the speech in question dealing with the then paramount topic of the war with France. This interesting manuscript, consisting of some seventeen pages, is in the Harleian Collection in the British Museum, and it provides us with what is evidently an almost verbatim report—though translated into Latin—of the arguments, which some member, of name unknown, addressed to the House, advocating a

vigorous prosecution of the war, discussing at the same time the provision of funds for the purpose.

Suitably entitled "An oration urging Britons to war against Gaul—of uncertain authorship," it affords us by the way an example of the very early use, even before the Union with Scotland, of the words "Britons" for Englishmen. Although it is entered in Brewer's "Calendar of State Papers" under the year 1514, with the day of the month "4th of March," it is, as a fact, entirely undated; and it would seem from internal evidence that it belongs to the summer of 1513 and not to 1514.

The speaker, it is evident, was an optimist, who relying greatly on the help England was to get from her allies, declared that "Ferdinand of Spain will not fail to assist his son, and Maximilian, a soldier from his cradle, will join; while our own King Henry," he added, "is like the rising sun that grows brighter and stronger every day."

Not, therefore, without some discussion—(the echo of which we can hear in the Scottish King's reference to the outcry in England against tax-gatherers)—were these imposts passed into law—imposts which, Lingard alone among all modern historians gives us particulars of, deriving his information from the original rolls of Parliament. "The clergy," he says, "granted Henry two-tenths, the

laity a tenth, a fifteenth, and a capitation "—to wit, a duke, £6 13*s.* 4*d.*; an earl or marquis, £4; and then downwards to small owners of land above £40 yearly value, £1; and so on in proportion; while the owners of personal property were assessed on a higher scale, those with £800 capital value, for instance, paying £2 13*s.* 4*d.*; with £400 to £800, £2; with £200 to £400, £1 6*s.* 8*d.*, etc.; and labourers and servants at the rate of 6*d.* in the £ of their yearly wages; and all other persons, 4*d.*

This version of the budget of 1513 differs, it will be noticed, in some details from the two others given above; and one must own that it is as difficult entirely to reconcile them as it is to form a clear idea of its exact nature. Several points, nevertheless, seem to emerge from the three accounts: one that the clergy were taxed at a much heavier rate (for Wolsey never spared his own order) than were the nobility, or the laity in general; another that the taxation was in all cases direct, and in no respects indirect, levied exclusively on property, or assessed on the individual; and further that the imposts were exceedingly onerous, and involved a peculiarly searching and vexatious enquiry into the property—both capital and income—of landowners, and still more into that of owners of personal or movable wealth.

For the valuations were carried out on the spot by the King's commissioners, armed with the powers of the most inquisitorial kind, allowing of the inspection of books, and the examination of a man's neighbours and of his servants—anticipating, though scarcely coming up to, for the extraordinary exigencies of a great war, the arbitrary methods of modern democratic governments for the ordinary exigencies of times of peace. Nothing, indeed, is new under the sun ; and least of all in the devices of financiers and politicians in want of money.

That the amount raised by these new and very obnoxious, though equitable, taxes, must have been thought to be, and really was, exorbitant, is proved by the fact that the £600,000 obtained by Wolsey, or by his advice in 1513, was only a quarter less than what was obtained by him ten years later.

That was the time when such a violent turmoil arose against the then Cardinal's proposals throughout the whole country—among the nobility, the clergy, the ordinary landlords, the small owners, the cultivators of soil, and the inhabitants of the towns alike ; and when his budget of 1523—to vindicate which he appeared in person in the House of Commons—was discussed, amidst intense excitement and outbursts of unparallelled fierceness and passion, for no less than sixteen days ; proving, it may be

noted by the way, that parliamentary debates in the olden times of the Tudors were by no means always so tame and perfunctory, nor members so submissive, as some writers would have us believe.

That Wolsey's earlier budget, which is our real concern here, passed both Houses comparatively calmly was due, we may suppose, to Henry's youthful popularity, to the prosperous condition of the country at the time, and to Wolsey not then being prominent enough to invite attack from the discontented, or to bear the brunt of any dislike the new taxes and their new basic principles engendered. Whatever murmurings may have broken out must soon have been stifled in the general wild outburst of war fever, and the universal desire among all men to testify their loyalty to their gallant young sovereign.

Yet in its principle, scope and incidence, as well as in the total amount levied, there does not appear to have been so very much difference between Wolsey's first war budget and his second; both of which, indeed, have their close counterparts in the war budgets of 1915 and 1916, in respect to the enormous burdens placed on accumulated property, and the interest or revenue therefrom. Therefore, what Brewer says of the later may, in a lesser degree, be also asserted of the earlier one, in which

Wolsey already began, tentatively, to apply the principles, that afterwards were not only to underlay, but to be so carried to their logical outcome as entirely to pervade, his still more remarkable achievement—his great war budget of 1523.

This is what Brewer, with his unrivalled means for forming a true and correct estimate, says of it:

"This first attempt at taxation on a scientific and impartial basis is a conspicuous proof of the genius and extraordinary audacity of Wolsey. After all the studies of the economists during the last two centuries, we have reverted to the principles and almost to the practice of the great minister, who with no complete statistics, no means and no organization, such as modern financiers can abundantly command, struck out, in the necessity of the moment, under the pressure of a great war, a financial scheme which has never yet been surpassed in the sweep and fairness of its operation, or the general correctness of its theory. That he should have stood alone, that alone, in spite of all opposition from the clergy and laity, he should have carried this project, are indications of confidence in his powers, and in the fertility of his resources. To no clamour and no combinations did Wolsey yield."

And again: "Taxation so oppressive, and yet so general, argues either the greatest boldness in the minister who projected it, of which we have no parallel in history, or his well-founded belief in the prosperity and elasticity of the nation. Perhaps both. Whatever might be the hardship or temporary evils entailed by these measures, the whole weight of their responsibility fell on his shoulders. It was felt that his brain alone had conceived and concerted these measures, that to his energy and to his authority alone they owed their existence." Therefore on him, and on him alone, should all the trouble and the labour fall — all the odium and blame.

Although the animosities which must have been kindled by the budget of 1513 did not then at once burst out into a flame, it does not at all follow that the fire wasn't there. It had been lit: and though it long lay smouldering, it broke out with all the greater fury when the fuel of 1523 was added thereto.

For Wolsey's first introduction of the great and novel, but in the view of those whom it was aimed at, outrageous, principle of laying the heaviest loads on the shoulders most able to bear them—even blending therewith some elements of the still more obnoxious and preposterous theory, of gradua-

tion—was one not to be easily or quickly forgotten by those whom it chiefly concerned. In long after years, when the great National and Imperial statesman was tottering to his fall, those who had been forced by him to disgorge some of their piled-up super-abundance for the need of State, came out in the full panoply of long-cherished memories of resentment. Well can we imagine them—the big lords, the fat abbots, the pursy burgesses—whetting their daggers of hate, and rushing in on the staggering minister, each one aiming at him his own private stab of revenge, as they all urged one another on with the too-long-stifled cry: "Remember his budgets of 1513 and 1523!"

That the King, while reaping the full advantage of the hated exactions, should wisely have kept in the background, and cleverly pretending that he knew nothing whatever about them all, should have cunningly contrived to throw the whole odium on his powerful but unpopular minister—who, be it observed, with the most devoted loyalty and of set purpose, willingly took it all on himself—is only what we, with our fuller knowledge of to-day, would expect of him. It is what Shakespeare—or rather we should say, perhaps, Fletcher—devined clearly enough three hundred years ago, through the vivid imagination of a poet, and the penetrating insight of

a dramatist into motives, when he put into Henry's mouth the words :

> "Taxation !
> Wherein? and what taxation? My Lord Cardinal,
> You that are blamed for this alike with us,
> Know you of this taxation?"

Turning back again to the correspondence adverted to above, as emanating from the Venetian Embassy and from Venetian merchants in London in the winter and spring of 1513, during Wolsey's preparations for the war, we find the Ambassador himself writing to the Doge and Signory an account, very similar to his attaché's, of the cordial response of Parliament to King Henry's appeal for money to carry out his great enterprise. Indeed, the discovery and publication in our day of the despatches and letters of these most careful of observers has provided us with a commentary on English affairs during Wolsey's administration of a nature so authentic, so intimate and so impartial, as to have been undreamt of, and unhoped for, by historians in former times.

Badoer, indeed, and his staff had exceptional opportunities for procuring accurate information ; for, speaking English like an Englishman and thoroughly understanding English habits and customs, he was very popular in London Society, and, says his young

attaché, "a great favourite with the King and the great Lord of the Council and of Parliament."

This and other particulars about him we have from di Favri, whom we have already quoted, and by whom a picture is drawn, as valuable historically as it is curious socially, of the relations of the Ambassador with the political life of the period in London, whilst the preparations for the war were at their height and Wolsey's first budget was being discussed in Parliament. He tells his friend in Venice, for instance, how his chief's house—being situated on the Thames near Charing Cross, midway between the houses of the great nobles along the Strand and the Palace of Westminster, where they attended every morning daily during the Parliamentary session—was used by them, as they passed to and fro by road or river, as a sort of half-way house to stop at and have a chat with the charming old Ambassador. Those were days, be it remembered, when there was no club house to go to in Pall Mall, and not even a refreshment bar to loaf round in the lobby of the House of Commons—only a tavern or an ale-house or two in the Strand, hardly places for the political bosses of the day to meet and gossip in.

And so members of both Houses, "great Lords" as well as "Knights of the Shire," would drop in

on Badoer, sometimes for breakfast before the sittings of the House, sometimes for dinner after them.

"The Ambassador, indeed," writes di Favri, "is at very great expense daily receiving these visits from one nobleman or another, most especially now that Parliament is sitting. This custom is by reason of the love they bear him"—and doubtless also by reason of the love they bore the very good table he kept.

For old Badoer, high-bred, refined Italian as he was, knowing what's what in food and cooking, and still more in choice wines, did all his guests uncommonly well: "So they come, each with sixteen servants, more or less, some to dinner others to breakfast; and the ambassador is always very glad to see them, and everybody likes him from the highest to the lowest: indeed were he a peer of the Realm the King and the nobility could not love him more cordially than they do. This is owing to his mature age, and because he is conversant with the manners and language of England, as if born in the country." And this is just what gives his despatches such value to us now.

If he was out when his friends called—which he was likely to be if they came early, as "every morning at day-break he went off to mass arm-in-

arm with some English nobleman, and then walked up and down for an hour before returning home"—his servants had orders, if he hadn't got back in time to receive his guests, "to ask them to come in and wait for him, and refreshments are served in the meanwhile." "For," writes di Favri, "the ambassador is always prepared; and he has six sorts of wines, some paid for, others got on credit," adds his indiscreet, too babbling attaché; "he has no money, though his credit is good. He has pawned his plate and sold his gowns, but still remains much in debt."

Nowadays one would scarcely say of an Ambassador that "his credit is good," if he were reduced to taking his plate and his fur coats round to the pawnshop to raise the needful to get on at all. But such were the trials and struggles of a popular, but rather impecunious, foreign diplomatist in England, in the reign of Henry VIII, who kept open house for his smart friends in London in the year of grace 1513: in strict conformity, be it stated, with the specific instructions he had received on his appointment from the Council and Senate of Venice, that he was "to keep in with the court and associate with noblemen, more especially the chief personages of the Realm."

Yet Badoer had to complain that the Signory had, nevertheless, cut down his salary, and often let

its payment be months in arrears. For, as his attaché rightly declared, "an Ambassador ought not to seek to make money by trade, but merely learn what is going on at court and in the world:" and that he certainly did, always getting early knowledge of the trend of events, which his friends, in their daily visits, kept him thoroughly informed of—about the King, and his councillors, and the Parliament and the taxes, and the war and all the preparations for it, not in money only but in men and arms and ships and supplies and victuals, as we shall see later on.

Thus far for the ways and means whereby Wolsey was able to ensure the *Money* needful for the prosecution of the war with all that vigour and thoroughness which characterized everything he undertook.

CHAPTER V.

HOW WOLSEY GOT THE MEN.

Summons to the Military Tenants—"Push and Go"—Wolsey a Hustler—His Impatience with Dawdlers and Dalliers—No "Conscientious Objectors" then—Mustering and Enrolling—"Commissions of Array"—"All Men between Sixty and Sixteen to take Arms"—Royal Fear of the Feudal Lords—Service Abroad "in case of Invasion"—Universal Service in Tudor Times—Defence of the King's Dominions—King Henry's Clarion Call—Wolsey the Organizing and Unifying Head.

ANOTHER of Wolsey's main concerns was obtaining the necessary number of *Men*. This, however, was a relatively easy task, compared with what the getting of the money had been—as it is to-day for the government of any country in which universal service prevails. For, once the summons to the military tenants of the crown had been issued by the King, supplemented by Commissions of Array, the flow of recruits in sufficient numbers was automatic and continuous. All that the King's Almoner, acting then as Secretary of State for War, had to do, was to fix the number of the men he required, and where and when—not

waiting until the pressure became urgent, but settling all these points months in advance. Fortunately, in doing this he had the immense advantage over the Continental powers of being free to make his arrangements unfettered by the menace of a hostile offensive on the part of the enemy. Therefore, when the need was on him, there stood the men ready to his hand, where he wanted them, and when he wanted them, well drilled, fully equipped, admirably armed and battle-ready.

Of course, all this he was not able to achieve without a good deal of push and go: for Wolsey, as War Minister, was a hustler, if ever there was one—a terror among the sluggish-minded, slow-moving of our fellow-countrymen, in this placid, sea-lapped island of ours. For he was of that rare, but when it does exist, supreme, pre-eminent type of man—the intensely imaginative, but at the same time intensely practical, Englishman—a man of the stamp of Shakespeare, Bacon, Chatham, and all our great Empire builders from Drake and Raleigh to Rhodes and Hughes. "A soul as capacious as the sea," as Brewer said of him, "and as minute as the sands upon its shores, when minuteness was required, he could do nothing meanly."

As a consequence, of course, his ideas and schemes were as little to the taste of many as were

his methods. For there were then, as always in our wars, mean-minded dawdlers and dalliers amongst us, in every class and section of the nation: doctrine-ridden pedants, nursing their foolish, ingrained narrowness; hide-bound egotists also, careless of all and everything except their own interests, profit or convenience; others again, of unconquerable complacency of mind, and immovable torpidity of body, hampering the all-consuming, unappeasable energy of Wolsey. Others, merely disconcerted and bewildered by the high pressure at which he kept everything going, were scarcely less tiresomely obstructive.

That such as these too often vexed and chafed the loyal ardent soul of Henry's great minister, we have evidence in several letters of his, in which his irritation breaks out in blunt-spoken words against the lack of zeal, the tarrying, the delays encountered in so many quarters: though eventually, with the King's strong and hearty support, he surmounts all obstacles and all hindrances to his then one overruling, all-encompassing purpose—the drastic waging of the war.

One intense irritation, however, was spared him and his countrymen of that time, which the ordinary loyal and patriotic Englishmen of to-day has calmly and meekly to put up with. Not the quaint vagaries

of the misguided, but honest, Quaker of old ; nor even the frank admission of trembling terror in the candid funker, who exists at all times and in all countries ; but the revelation of the hideous depths of hypocrisy and meanness into which unrestrained selfishness and cowardice can sink that emasculate human skunk—the modern "conscientious objector."

As for the enrolling and the mustering and the drilling of the men, that, of course, went on without Wolsey's personal supervision. For they were functions appertaining primarily to the great feudal lords in the various counties, and were discharged by them, each on his own land, in regard to his own tenants. Yet even on these points his advice or direction seems often to have been invoked.

But apart from the usual machinery of the feudal system, "Commissions of Array" had been issued by the King on January 28th, 1513, to the Sheriffs of all the southern counties "to make proclamations for *all males between sixty and sixteen to take arms* and be in readiness at an hour's warning to resort, by February next, to such place in the said county as shall be assigned," by the chief lords in each—in Kent Lord Abergavenny and others—"who are deputed for the shire and the sea coast, to resist the invasion of France."

Documents such as this relating to matters of

mustering and service are unfortunately so few and casual, and the information afforded by them—when they have survived at all—or from other sources, is so fragmentary and incoherent that it is impossible to form a consistent idea of what actually took place.

It is not clear, for example, whether similar summonses were also sent out to such northern and western counties as touched the sea: still less whether they went out on this occasion to inland counties without sea-board generally—as they certainly did in 1512 and on other occasions, and as they did on this one to Wiltshire, at any rate.

What, however, is clear, we think, is that the men—not limited, be it observed, to freeholders, copyholders or tenants—who were called up in defence of their country, were so called up by the inherent authority of the Crown, issued not through the great military tenants, but independently of them—over their heads, as it were, to the King's executive officer in each county, the Sheriff, who was deputed, each in his own county, to name one or more great lords (not the Lord-Lieutenant, whose office was not established until some forty years later) to take command, the lords selected being doubtless those whom the King had good reasons for trusting.

For fear of the great feudal nobles, and jealousy

of any of them levying and controlling excessively large forces, were ever-present influences with the Crown, even during the Tudor period, and particularly in this earlier part of it. A curious instance of this is revealed to us by one of the records—a proclamation issued by Henry VIII in July, 1512—which, after pointing out that "the King had commanded all lords and nobles to prepare their tenants for the war, and *none but their tenants*," or men employed by them, goes on to command that none "shall have any retainers contrary to the laws."

But the interesting question how far the King could require these militia—as they in fact were—to serve beyond their own county, and still more, whether he could compel them to serve abroad across the seas at all, except—in the words of the old taunt—"in case of actual invasion," remains unanswered; as also does the question whether, in fact, any men belonging to it *did* so serve in this war, by coercion of the King or of the tenants *in capitâ*, by consent, by "peaceful persuasion," by free volunteering, or by any other means.

The question is further complicated by the fact that Calais, with the English pale, was at that time actually part of the King's dominions; while Guienne, Aquitaine, Touraine and Normandy, if not the whole of France, became—from the moment of the

declaration of war, and the consequent termination of the treaties between the two countries—in theory, at any rate, equally portions of the Dominions of the Crown, which every Englishman between the ages of sixteen and sixty might, in theory also, it would seem, be called out to defend, equally with Ireland and the Isles of Man and Wight, or of Jersey and Guernsey.

At any rate, it seems clear that in the time of the Tudors—whatever may have been the case in the time of the Stuarts—the accepted view was that all the reserve manhood of the nation, in addition to the regular feudal forces of the Crown, might be called up at any time to meet a great national emergency. Harrison, who wrote his well-known "Description of England" in the middle of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when referring to the musters—"National registration," as we should call them now—taken in 1574–5, declared: "as for able men for service, thanked be God! we are not without good store"; and he assumed that, as a matter of course, every man of them might be called up—that is for defensive home service. Their number he reckoned at nearly one million and a quarter, not including 350,000 more "left unbilled and uncalled."

More immediately to the point for our present topic is the assertion of the author of the remarkable

contemporary speech, already referred to, on the war of 1513, who declared that "Britain could raise and arm, if the need arose, not merely 30,000, but easily ten times that number of able-bodied men for a Continental war"—and this without including either the 40,000 transported by the King to France, or the 30,000 more who fought under Surrey against the Scots at Flodden—making a total of some 400,000 men, who certainly could not have been raised through the feudal tenants alone.

The difference in the two estimates of numbers must have been due partly to the increase of population in England during the intervening half century; but more to the different standards set for defensive service at home, and for offensive service abroad against trained Continental troops.

These points have a sort of theoretic interest at the present time—though less now than a few months ago. For it is open to question whether the militia might not, in strict law, be called up to defend not only the British Isles but also the present dominions of the Crown beyond the seas, if threatened with invasion, and be required for that purpose to go to such dominions and fight there against the King's enemies attacking the same—and even to carry the war into the enemies' own country for the same defensive purpose.

However these things may have been, or may now be, it has always to be remembered that the whole training, arming, discipline, and general military efficiency of the hastily raised Tudor militia must have been very inferior to that of the regular feudatory forces of the Crown, whose duty to serve at any time, and anywhere, in England or on the Continent, in support of their King and country never was, and never could have been, disputed.

And least of all on this occasion when the summons was a clarion call from a young, high-spirited, generous, and chivalrous monarch, daily gaining in popularity and power, who invoked their aid to defend Holy Church and to curb the over-weening and threatening ambition of England's "ancient hereditary enemy"; and who, moreover, announced that he intended to place himself at their head and to lead them on in person to victory.

Loyalty and enthusiasm, however, in the feudal lords and their regiments—the "grand captains" and their "retinues," as they were called—would have served but little by themselves to produce such a strong, efficient army, as should meet, on equal terms, the serried legions and the war-tempered chivalry of France. What was needed was, the merging of these separate, independent contingents, scattered throughout the various counties of England,

into one military machine, by a single, organizing head ; the transforming of unconnected, unsubordinated groups into linked and subordinated members of one great organism, by one supreme, controlling power.

Such a unifying head and such a controlling power was forthcoming in the King's Almoner, who, wielding the whole prerogative of the Crown, was able, by his incomparable genius for organization, and with his unerring instinct for rule, to bring together, and into order, all the straggling elements of the King's military forces, and to weld them into one compact and mighty whole. That he should have accomplished this, and he not a soldier, is one of the most remarkable of the many remarkable achievements of his extraordinary career.

CHAPTER VI.

WOLSEY AS MINISTER OF MUNITIONS.

Arms and Ammunition—Armour and Artillery from Abroad—Big Guns — Foundries Established — Powerful Siege Artillery — King Henry's "Twelve Apostles"—Wolsey Wakes England up — Great Activity in the Land — Amazement of Foreigners—"No Business Doing"—King Henry and His Ships—Acts as Admiral, Mariner and Gunner — Feather-headed Tavern Talk — Wolsey's Warnings — His Candour and Loyalty—How he did not Act—"Knowing the Perils of the Situation"—Never misled his Master—Did not reduce the Artillery—Nor cut down the Number of Fighting Men—Did not pose as a "Strategist"—A really "Responsible" Minister—Not as Now.

WOLSEY thus assured of properly organized and trained *Men* enough; and secure also, as we have seen above, of *Money* enough; had, at the same time, the equally important task of procuring *Munitions* enough, both for the King's Navy as well as for his Army. And here again his vigorous, ardent spirit and his rapid practical methods quickly accomplished marvels. Arms, Armour, Ammunition, Artillery—these, and many other requisites for an army mobilized and a fleet in being, engaged for months the constant and assiduous attention of Henry VIII's "Minister of Munitions."

Evidence of this abounds in the State records of the time, revealing him as ever indefatigable in the adequate arming of every branch of his master's naval and military forces. Bows and arrows ; pikes and bills ; lances and partizans—all these were, of course, nowhere better made than in England, where as many as might be required could easily and quickly be supplied. Gunpowder, too, was mainly made in England ; and enormous stores of it accumulated in the Tower of London, at Southampton, and at Calais also. But for swords and "hand-guns," armour and artillery—though these likewise were manufactured at home—recourse had largely to be had to foreign makers.

In Italy, especially, big contracts were placed for armour—thousands of suits being purchased through the agency of the great Florentine bankers, the Friscobaldi, and from Guydo Portinari and John Cavelcanti, merchants of Florence ; and in Spain as well, though to a lesser extent, whence ships and guns were principally obtained. From Germany sometimes, and oftener from Flanders, much artillery was got and sent from Malines, Brussels and other towns, to the ordnance stores at Calais. "Serpentines" (guns weighing, when for field use, about 1200 lbs.), "murderers" (small swivel guns), brass "curtals" (heavy guns of some 3000 lbs., used

mainly as siege pieces, but also mounted on ships), "bombards" (mortars), "falcons" (light cannon, "having 800 lb. and two inches and a-half within the mouth") and "culverins" (great siege pieces, which, as we have seen on a former page, required fourteen horses each to draw them)—such were some of the ordnance cast for the King of England in 1513.

And not only abroad: for foundries for great guns and cannon ball were then, for the first time in English history, established in our own country by the enterprise and prescience of Wolsey. Henry VIII also, guided, as we may assume, by his clear-sighted, far-seeing minister, from this time forward, gave full recognition to the growing importance that artillery pieces, and especially heavy guns, were already assuming, and were likely in the future still further to hold, in modern warfare; so much so that artillery was already something of a fad with him, in which he had some technical knowledge and always took a keen personal interest. Thereafter it became a department of war, in which the lead taken by England was of immense advantage to her in the great struggle with Spain at the close of the century.

At the period we are treating of, nothing pleased Henry more than to expatiate in his

letters to sovereigns or his ministers abroad, on the terrible instruments of destruction he was preparing for his foes. Above all was he proud of twelve great guns, bigger than any ever cast before, each named after one of the Apostles and furnished with an effigy of the Saint; so that throughout Europe was bruited the fame of the King of England's "Twelve Apostles," who were to preach, in tones of thunder and with tongues of fire, Henry's new crusade in defence of the Church of God and the Christian Faith. In the subsequent campaign, though "St. John" was captured by the French and borne in triumph to Boulogne, the remaining eleven successfully battered the walls of Thérouanne and Tournay, and brought about the fall of these two important fortresses.

All this unusual energy of war-like preparation —so different from what it had been before the Fontarabian Expedition—rising, under the spur of the animating lead and driving force of Wolsey, into a fervid activity, stimulated and exalted still further by the lofty enthusiasm of the young monarch—all this was not a little surprising and astonishing to foreigners living in England.

It was so, even to those who rather prided themselves on their clear insight into that standing enigma for an alien—often very puzzling too in its

manifestations even for a native-born Englishman—the real English mind and spirit, apparently so often inconsistent, but yet essentially so steadfast, constant and true. Hitherto these friendly strangers in our midst had only known the ordinary, stagnant England of peace-time, and the ordinary, easy-going, rather bovine, Englishman of every-day life: and now, in war-time, the difference was unimaginably vast and amazing.

"These English go a good pace I can tell you":—writes di Favri, the attaché of the Venetian Embassy already quoted—"and enormous preparations are being made to stand the brunt of the coming conflict. . . . Night and day, and on all festivals, the cannon founders are at work." A similar report is given a month later by a Venetian merchant residing in London: "There is *no business doing*," he somewhat plaintively observes—for at such a time Wolsey wouldn't have listened for a moment to the mean, self-interested wail of a few selfish, grabbing tradesmen and contractors—"Business as Usual." "All are engaged in preparations for the war," he goes on to say, "and the chief trade is in military stores and equipment."

The Ambassador, also, writing in cypher to the Doge and Signory, says: "The King is making extraordinary preparations against France. He goes

every day down to the docks to hasten the fleet"—often accompanied, we make no doubt, by his indispensable, ubiquitous minister, under whose ever-watchful and all-watching eye the work of the King's dockyards went on—"to see the ships building for him, and above all his great ship"—the "Great Harry."

Henry, indeed, at all times took keen interest in everything concerning the sea and ships. He was something of a yachtsman, not to say sailor, himself; and he always delighted in identifying himself with his navy.

Sometimes his Grace would step forth—on the occasion, for instance, of the launching of one of his new big battleships—as an Admiral of the Fleet, with his badge of office, an enormous gold bejewelled whistle, hanging from a massive gold chain round his neck; and "dressed galley-fashion, in a vest of gold brocade, reaching to the middle of the thigh, breeches of cloth of gold and scarlet hose." His whistle—

> "Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
> To sounds confused"—

"he blew near as loud as a trumpet"; so that with his commanding figure, and his gorgeous apparel, there could be no doubt where, among the brilliant

throng of officers, stood the Supreme Head of the "King's Navy Royal."

At other times, so proud was he of his technical knowlege of seamanship, if not of his practical skill in it, that he would appear on board the Admiral's flag-ship in the character of a mariner or pilot—to the huge delight of the sailors—dressing for the part, of course, in the usual cloth of gold. Again, on another occasion we hear of him as a master gunner, "testing some new guns, and having them fired again and again, and marking their range."

Besides King Henry's building of new ships of war, embargo was laid—so we learn from the report, above quoted, of the Venetian Ambassador—"on all foreign and neutral ships in English ports; and all the English ships of 300 butts and upwards are taken over by the King," being converted from merchantmen into transports or ships of war. He might have added that men-of-war, transports, and victuallers were also being bought or hired in large numbers from Spain and Italy.

Badoer goes on to say: "The opinion is generally expressed that the King of England will have a great victory"; and di Favri: "It is supposed that the King of France will go and hide himself in a hole underground, rather than meet the

army of England, which, please God, is to take the field in the spring."

But here these acute observers were assuredly retailing, not the solid, sensible opinion of the best-informed people, but the boastful, cocksure, pot-house, "optimistic" talk among the more ignorant and feather-headed, bred in a ridiculous, insular ignorance, which has so often in our history been mischievously fostered by self-seeking politicians for party and personal purposes, in order to cover up their own shortcomings and want of foresight, and to blind the mass of our fellow-countrymen to the seriousness of our international undertakings.

Wolsey and the men about him, it is certain, shared no such delusions as to the magnitude of the struggle England had entered on; and he did not in the least pander to any such fallacies in others; nor did he, by any of his actions, give colour to them. On the contrary, he knew that the path of true patriotism for him lay in candour to his King and countrymen: and he followed it. Hence his determined, unremitting precautions and warnings against failure, which he perceived might overtake the whole expedition, unless nothing was left to chance, and every possible mishap or accident guarded against.

Wolsey was, in truth, too loyal and patriotic

ever to have betrayed the Sovereign of his country by hiding the real condition of his affairs from him—the Sovereign who employed him and paid him that he might learn the truth. If he knew, for example, of plots and schemes on the part of Louis XII against England, he didn't, though "deeply concerned and uneasy," keep the knowledge to himself, and afterwards have the effrontery to turn round on his employer and paymaster and upbraid him for "an indisposition to reflect," and tax him with being "not disposed to listen to the few who preached"; when, on his own showing, out of his own mouth, it had all the while been his own deceitful secrecy, and his own faithless keeping back what he knew of the sovereign and the country he was pleased to claim as "his spiritual home," which had chiefly produced and fostered that very indisposition he afterwards tried to seize on as an excuse for his own misconduct. Neither had Wolsey, "knowing the perils of the situation—where the powder magazine lay"—done his best to hide it from his master; allowing him to go on as if it was not there at all; ready to hazard his total destruction in its sudden explosion.

Nor did he falsely assure Henry VIII, when that king sought his advice in 1512, that "in naval and military defense he was absolutely and com-

pletely equipped to meet all emergencies and situations"; nor blatantly declare that anyone who said he was not, spoke "in a blue funk." Nor did he, knowing all the risks and dangers, call for "a reduction not of thousands but of millions," in his country's defence; proclaiming that "it was gall and wormwood to his heart to see its armaments expanding"—in face of its daily growing perils!

Never had Wolsey, in very fact, recklessly and perversely reduced King Henry's artillery; never cut down the number of trained men to be brought into the field by the feudal lords; never loudly vaunted that "if his name should ever be mentioned in the future"—(on the contrary, humbly speaking of "when I am forgotten, as I shall be," and "no mention of me more must be heard of")—that "he would like people to say he had helped to bury 'Commissions of Array' in a deep grave"; never, with insufferable self-complacency, preened himself on being a "strategist," superior to the greatest soldier of his age; and, with the most ridiculous conceit, presumed to lecture that great soldier on his want of "that understanding, which is vital to a proper military organization." Neither did Wolsey stigmatize such a soldier's patriotic and sagacious warnings as "deplorable, pernicious and dangerous," and declare that "with sober men to conduct our

affairs," there was no risk at all of England ever being involved in war in Europe.

Wolsey did not say or do any of these things; or anything like them. Indeed he couldn't have said or done them, being the man he was—an entirely devoted, true-hearted servant of the Crown.

Moreover, he was a responsible minister—responsible to his King as the emblem and representative of the nation at large, in days when the word "responsibility" as applied to a politician, had some meaning: when a man might wear himself to disease and nigh unto death, by unceasing and exhausting labours in self-sacrificing, unstinted service to the State; and yet, if he fell short of complete success, or failed to give full satisfaction to a capricious monarch, would probably be dismissed in disgrace, a ruined, broken man, to end his days perhaps in prison, or more likely on the scaffold.

Not as now, when a so-called "responsible" minister of the Crown never incurs any punishment whatever for his failure or misdeeds—be the mischief he has done what it may, or the duty he has neglected to do, what it may. Instead of retribution overtaking him, he looks serenely round, smiling as he gazes, with exasperating self-sufficiency, on the ruin, destruction and death which his own

dishonest subterfuges, his own tortuous timidity, his own piffling feebleness, his own trivial joking, have brought upon thousands whom it was his solemn duty to safeguard. Then, evading all difficulties by the "magnanimity" of a voluntary resignation, he is able to slip safely away to croon over his spoils—a peerage and a pension.

Wolsey, then, being the loyal, as well as responsible, adviser to the Crown that we have shown that he was, pointed out, with clear-sighted candour, the great task that lay before the King and his people, so that they both put forward their greatest efforts to meet it.

CHAPTER VII.

VICTUALLING AND VARIOUS REQUIREMENTS.

Urgency of Victualling both for the Navy and Army—Naval and Military Bases — Enormous Stores of Food at Calais — Immense Numbers of Beasts Slaughtered and Salted — Rise in Prices — A Wonderfully Provisioned Army—Cavalry Horses—Draught Horses—Flanders Mares — Tents—The King's Gorgeous Pavilions—Forty Thousand Men under Canvas—Periscopes for the Trenches.

THUS went on, during the winter and spring of 1513, Wolsey's work of preparation in the matter of the money, men and munitions, needful for the successful waging of the war in the ensuing summer.

But there were other preoccupations of his at the same time, scarcely less vital and equally urgent, first, for instance, that of victualling—the immediate victualling of the fleet, then about to put to sea, and the immediate arranging, in advance, for the victualling of the army, when it should take the field a few months later. These two matters were treated by him as branches of one and the same business: and rightly so. For the complete severance between the Army and Navy, which has

existed for now nearly four centuries, scarcely prevailed at all at that time, the higher officers of the Navy being in command of the soldiers aboard ship, as well as of the sailors; while the petty officers and lower grades were also interchangeable between the two services at need.

Some points connected with this sphere of Wolsey's activities have already been touched on incidentally on an earlier page, and we shall have occasion to return to the subject shortly, in relation to the supply of victuals to the fleet, after it had been at sea some weeks. What has to be said here about the victualling of the army need not detain us long. It was, of course, at Calais, the main military base, where the greatest stores of food and drink were accumulated; as to which also we shall have something more to say a little further on; while the smaller fortresses or castles of Guisnes and Hammes within the English pale were constituted as subsidiary bases for provisions and stores of all sorts—the main base for the Navy being, of course, Southampton, with London, Plymouth, Dover and the Cinque ports as auxiliary ones.

Into Calais throughout the months of February, March and April stores of food were being steadily poured, in anticipation of the time when the King would have from 40,000 to 60,000 men operating

in France—the feeding of whom, considering the circumstances of those times, only the most careful prevision could successfully cope with. As examples of how the work was carried on we may note two or three items from such scraps of the old accounts as happen to be preserved to us. In February £51,000 was paid to John Daunce, "Treasurer of the War," for victualling and conveying the stuff across the sea to Calais. Then on April 9th we find record of the ordering of "20,000 quarters of malt, 3000 quarters of beans, the same of oats, and 300 oxen and 1000 lambs, to be procured by John Rycroft, Serjeant of the Larder," in various counties of England, to be sent over to Calais; and another order to the same for fodder for the King's horses.

Our most valuable information, however, on this topic, as on so many others, comes from the Venetian archives, from which we learn that, as early as the end of January, 25,000 oxen had then already been slaughtered and salted for the Army. This demand, the Venetian writer tells us, together with similar large absorptions of stock for the two services, had caused the price of meat to be more than doubled; while bread too had risen a good deal; both increases being, indeed, natural enough, with Wolsey constantly in the market to satisfy the huge requirements of the

King's forces—which he was determined to meet without stint. Victuallers, or "wafters" as they were termed, brought food almost every day, during the campaign, into Calais, either coastwise from the ports of Flanders, or, when the winds were fair, from the home ports.

No English army, indeed, which has ever left these shores for the continent of Europe has been so well and punctually provisioned as that organized by Wolsey in 1513; always excepting the most famous, the most heroic of them all—the never-to-be-forgotten original force under Sir John French in 1914. And it was not only the regularity and certainty of the delivery of the food—and the beer—to the troops at the front, which made for contentment among officers and men, and so became an important factor in the success of the campaign; but likewise its plentifulness and excellence too.

So much so, that after the Army had been fully four months in Picardy and Flanders, Brian Tuke, then Clerk of the Signet, and afterwards Secretary to the King, was able to announce to a friend of his in Rome, Richard Pace, afterwards one of Wolsey's most trusted agents: "Such was the plenty of provisions that 40,000 men were living in the camp before Tournay in time of war, far more cheaply than they lived at home in time of peace."

When, therefore, the Emperor Maximilian, who thought himself a very "War Lord" (and he had certainly taken part in a good deal of fighting, though mostly not very fortunate for him) wrote out of his superior knowledge and experience to Henry VIII, cautioning him, in a rather patronizing tone, about the immense importance of the systematic provisioning of an army invading a hostile country, his counsel had already been anticipated, many months before, by the King's own minister—an obscure priest, whom he probably had not even heard of.

The same regularity, we may note here, was also observed throughout Wolsey's administration in paying the officers and men their wages—sailors as well as soldiers—in striking contrast to the state of things that prevailed in both services, and especially in the Navy, for several centuries after.

Important, however, as were ample and punctual pay and good and punctual victualling, they formed only part of the many varied needs of a mobilized army, to which Wolsey had to devote his unremitting attention—horses, for instance, waggons and tents.

Cavalry horses had generally to be provided by the feudal lords for themselves and their retinues; and how efficiently they did this was shown more than once during the campaign, by the Northern Horse-

men, or "Northumberland Men," "on light geldings," so famous in the forays of the Scottish border. They wore defensive armour back and front and an iron cap—like the present "pudding basin"—and carried lance and buckler, and sometimes a bow.

Even more effective was the ubiquitous flying column of some 800 redoubtable Welshmen, under the command of their dashing leader, Sir Rhys ap Thomas, who rendered very gallant and most important services in rounding up the French in Picardy.

Draught horses, on the other hand, for gun carriages, ammunition waggons and carts for general transport, were found by the Crown; and were shipped over in large numbers to Calais. These were supplemented by horses purchased by the King's agents in Flanders, which were exactly suited for heavy traction work—strong, tireless, toiling, but clumsy, coarse and ugly brutes. It must have been a not very agreeable reminiscence of these, as seen in the campaign, by King Henry—whose taste in horseflesh lay in the direction of refined, high-bred, beautiful animals—which made him afterwards liken the German "haus-frau," Anne of Cleves, as he turned away from her in disgust, to "a great Flanders mare."

Other requirements of the Army, hardly less important, in their way, than horses, were tents, the want of which had been one of the main causes of the disastrous issue of the expedition to St. Sebastian's Bay. Tents, therefore, Wolsey was determined there should be in plenty—tents of a simple kind for ordinary purposes, and tents of a more elaborate make — "pavilions" as they were generally called—for the use of the King, his ministers, and his staff. Naturally, when Wolsey first took control the available supply of these fell far short, by hundreds, if not thousands, of the needs of the vastly expanded army then to be provided for.

Fortunately, however, in this case, there was a department already in existence—that of the "King's Tents, Toils and Pavilions"—which was at once set hard at work, doing up and mending old tents, and making new ones—in stripes of white and green for the captains and their retinues—and new and more splendid pavilions than had ever been seen before for the King.

The original accounts for these works happen to be preserved, and afford us curious glimpses of the "great and goodlie pavilions" of cloth of gold, with their poles surmounted by the "Kinges Beastes, as the Lion, Dragon, Greyhound, Antelope," bear-

ing gilt vanes; and the splendid interiors, some of them hung with "blue water-work," or "blue and crimson damask," others lined with "blue velvet or with purple silk"; others again "painted full of the rising sun." All these were afterwards pitched, in all their glittering splendour, beneath the walls of Thérouanne and Tournay.

Each of the great pavilions had its name, like a ship, appropriate to the heraldic device it bore, or to the person who occupied it; such as "The Fleur-de-Lys"; "The Red Rose"; "The Two Crowns"; "The Wheat Ear—a lodging for the Master of the King's Horses"; "The Chalice—a lodging for Chaplains to sing mass in"; "The Gauntlet—a lodging for the Office and Master of the Armoury." Sometimes the "Yeoman of the Tents" indulged in a little playful irony in the names he gave them, calling the "lodging for stranger ambassadors" the "Yellow Face"; and the "lodging for one of the King's Council"—with a dig at some irascible member of the Cabinet—"The Inflamed House."

Purchases of material for such pavilions as these and for the standard type of tent used by the army in general, were, naturally, enormous, tens of thousands of ells of canvas being entered in the old accounts; and likewise many thousands of "blue buckram for garnishing the tents," and "Brussels

sage," and other stuffs, with fringes and ribbons, "leather brickets," and other embellishments.

The King, of course, had a whole suite of his own—his "greate chamber" being 50 feet long, and several others nearly as big ; and all richly decorated and furnished, so that even on the field of battle Henry's surroundings were to be not only comfortable, but even luxurious and splendid.

The external appearance of these gorgeous pavilions of the King's, with the tents of the rest of the Army clustered around them, may be seen in the pictures painted for Henry VIII, now at Hampton Court, of "The Meeting of King Henry and the Emperor Maximilian before Thérouanne" ; of "The Battle of Spurs," and also of "The Field of the Cloth of Gold."

How fully the deficiency of tents was eventually made good is proved by the fact that just before the last division of the Army crossed the Straits, it was encamped in the outskirts of London to the number of 15,000 men, all under canvas ; while the two other divisions then already in France, one before Thérouanne and the other just outside the walls of Calais, were likewise under canvas.

Other necessaries of war with which King Henry's Army was supplied by Wolsey need not be particularized here : except one, which it may be

interesting to record. Among the things ordered for the equipment of the artillery, to be used in the trenches in the siege of the French fortresses, were "Spien (Spying) Trestles"—evidently a sort of Periscope.

So much for Wolsey's work as War Minister in respect of Tents as well as of Victualling and Horses.

CHAPTER VIII.

SANITATION AND SURGEONS, AND "THE LAW OF ARMS."

Wolsey's Interest in Sanitation—His Precautions against Infection—His Interest in the Medical Art—King Henry's Dabblings in Drugs—His Own Physicians—Surgeons for the Army—Their Wages—Their Remedies—Boiling Oil for Wounds—The "Barber-Surgeons"—Success of Wolsey's Methods and Precautions—Army Surgeons Exempted from bearing Arms—Chivalrous Warfare—"The Law of Arms"—The "Statutes of War" printed—One Extant Copy—Its Great Curiosity—Its Interesting History—Injunctions against Pillage and Arson—Copies for all Officers—Wolsey arranges for the King's Comfort—Good Wines for His Grace—Colour of the Satin for his Doublet—Wolsey's Regard for Etiquette—The right Stuff for his own Cassocks.

THERE still remained a few other lesser departments in the organization of the King's Army for active service, which, as they came under Wolsey's own direct supervision, may be briefly noticed here.

One was the sanitary and medical corps, which, we can well understand, Wolsey took special control of, considering the interest he always took in such matters. This is proved, as far as sanitation is concerned, by the elaborate system of scientific drainage he established in all the buildings erected

by him; by his determination to procure for them a supply of the purest drinking water obtainable; by his insistence on precautions against infection; and by his stringent regulations for scavengering, and his rigorous enforcement of cleanliness, both in his own and the Royal household. The maintenance of a high standard of health in the King's Army, therefore, must certainly have been one of his most constant pre-occupations.

How incessantly and insistently present to his mind was the imperative need of safeguarding it against that terrible scourge of all armies, particularly in olden days—epidemic disease—is shown by a note of his in the already cited "List of Things to be remembered," which he drew up in an early stage of his war preparations—"To remember the Sickness that is at Brest"—a fact not without its influence, we suspect, on the plan of the campaign subsequently decided on.

It is, indeed, highly probable—though no documentary evidence exists to prove it—that Wolsey, with his keen appreciation of such considerations, laid down rules of sanitation to be observed by the Army when in the field. It is quite likely, too, that his anxiety about providing not only good wine for the King and the leaders, but also good beer for the rank and file, was caused not solely for their content-

ment, but even more for assuring their good health, by checking the desire to drink the tainted water in the villages and farms, or by the roadside, when the troops were encamped or on the march.

In any measures, at any rate, which Wolsey may have seen fit to take, we can be sure that he received the hearty support of the King, who was himself not less alive to the perils of infection than his minister.

As to the practice of the medical and healing arts: Wolsey's interest in them is also well known; and here too his wise lead was followed by the King.

Henry, indeed, at all times much patronized the doctors — like most monarchs and very wealthy people, who seem to think they ought to be able to buy health, as they can all other things, and so stave off death; and, consequently, always have an inordinate respect for—almost a pitiful cringing to—any of them who profess, vociferously enough, that they are able to sell them the one, and to keep back the other.

Henry was even fond of dabbling in the medical arts himself, inventing strange compounds of drugs for all manner of ailments, and often making up with his own hand pills, powders and purges, queer electuaries and ointments, and wonderful prophylactics, which he tried, with Tudor imperativeness, on those submissive patients of his—his ministers and friends

—especially, we may be sure when he and they were on active service.

At the same time, of course, his own favourite physicians—at this time Dr. Chambré, Dr. Butt's predecessor, and one John Westall—accompanied him abroad. To Westall a payment of £8 10*s.* 6*d.* "towards his lechecraft and his wages," is entered, in a document that survives to us, as having been made in the year of the war; and there was also one Robert Symson, surgeon, who got £6 13*s.* 4*d.* for "healing certain men hurt on the sea"—a suggestion of payment according to results, which is certainly rather pleasing.

The number of physicians and surgeons who were attached to the Army were, however, few—viewed in the light of modern practice—not more than eighty or ninety all told. But they had assistants; and no doubt voluntary aid was usually forthcoming, some of it skilled; while for the rougher work of sanitation and cleaning there were always the scullions and yeomen servitors assigned to each division.

Small, however, as was the medical staff attached to Henry's Army, it was, as a fact, much greater, in proportion, than any that had ever before accompanied an English Sovereign and English troops abroad. Yet, notwithstanding the increased con-

sideration in which the profession was evidently coming to be held by Wolsey and the King, the wages of ordinary surgeons on active service were very low—only 8*d.* a day—the same as were paid to archers or yeomen carters, and less than was paid to skilled artizans.

At the same time, it is probable that this very small payment was regarded rather as a sort of retaining fee from the King, than as an adequate remuneration for general surgical or medical attendance on all who might require it. Certainly, in Queen Elizabeth's time, and, it would seem, also, already in King Henry's, it was laid down that "every soldier at paye-daye (once a week ?), do give the surgeon 2*d.*"—a sort of insurance contribution in fact—"as in times past hath been accustomed, to the augmentation of his wages ; in consideration whereof, the surgeon oughte readilie to employ his industrie uppon the soare and wounded soldiers."

We may be sure, also, that well-to-do sufferers would give the surgeon who attended them what is now designated, in the grandiloquent language of the more lofty members of the profession, by the elaborate latinism an "honorarium" ; but which can be much better and more simply expressed by the plain English words a fee—or a tip.

As to the methods of healing used by the Army

Surgeons at that time: washing and bandaging were rightly enough employed for spear, arrow or pike wounds. But when one reads of cauterizing and pouring in boiling oil as the recognized treatment for gun-shot wounds, one feels sure that many a soldier must have thought the remedy a much worse infliction than the injury; and have been thankful that the number of surgeons was as limited as it was. The profession of a surgeon, it must always be remembered, was in those days usually practised by men, who carried on in conjunction with it the business of a barber—whence the famous "Company of Barber-Surgeons" to whom Henry VIII granted a charter, commemorated in the well-known picture partly painted by Holbein, which is still in the company's hall in the City of London, and in which may be seen portraits of some of those who attended the King in Picardy and Flanders in 1513—notably of Dr. Chambré, though by no means worthy of the master.

We can understand, therefore, that an ordinary "barber-surgeon" may likely enough have thought that his "incomparable lotion for promoting the growth of the hair" on a bald head would prove equally effective for promoting the growth of the flesh in a raw wound—a sufficient reason for the caution imposed on him by the military authorities

that when "employing his industrie upon wounded soldiers" he was not to "intermedle with any other cures to them noysome."

But however efficacious, or inefficacious, may have been the remedies and treatments of the surgeons of King Henry's Army in dealing with sick and wounded soldiers, certain is it, that the precautions taken against disease and sickness under the direction of Wolsey were so successful, that towards the end of the campaign, when the English Army had been nearly four months in the field, Brian Tuke was able to report, in the letter already quoted, that "no epidemic of any sort assailed so numerous an army"—a thing almost unprecedented in those days.

After the Army returned to England, it was thought well, from the experience gained, to make the status of the "Barber-Surgeons"—as they continued to be termed for many a long year—more definite, though not, perhaps, exactly better, by passing an act, as soon as Parliament met, exempting them "from serving as constables, or in any office requiring the bearing of arms, they being unharnessed (unarmoured and unarmed) in the field, according to the Law of Arms."

Further, it may be added that the surgeons were enjoined to wear over their shoulders or across their

breasts, a belt or "baldrick, whereby they may be knowen in tyme of slaughter: it is their charter in the field."

Noting the words just cited "according to the Law of Arms," we are reminded that the rules of war and battle in that Age of Chivalry—for it had then not yet passed away—that Age and that Chivalry so much scoffed at and derided by certain superior persons of utilitarian views in modern times, and by none more than the Teutonic professor—had long ago anticipated, and, moreover, largely succeeded in enforcing the observance of (at least among the soldiers of France, England, Italy and Spain) those humane conventions of civilized warfare, which all the pundits of International Law, with their Geneva and Hague Congresses, have always entirely failed to impose upon the ever-brutal Prussian.

No need, therefore, to do more here than simply record the fact that in the campaign of 1513 the English Army, inspired as it was by Henry's lofty ideas of chivalry, and the French Army, equally inspired by the noble precept and the still more noble example of that Knight "sans peur et sans reproche," the Chevalier Bayard, both scrupulously observed in their fighting that "Law of Arms" which mediæval Christian chivalry enjoined.

That Henry's chivalry was no empty protestation is proved by the fact that after the surrender of Thérouanne, "he yet remained in his camp several days, according to this Law of Arms: that in case any man should bid battle for the besieging and getting of any city or town, then the winner to give battle and abide for certain days."

It was probably Henry's keen desire that the laws of chivalry should be obeyed in the most absolute degree, which made Wolsey, with his usual thoughtful thoroughness, provide a sort of thing which had never been provided for an English or any other Army before. This was the issue of 1600 copies of "The Statutes of War," printed and bound by the King's printer, Richard Pynson, a pupil of Caxton's, at the cost of £16 13*s.* 4*d.*, comparable, say, to about £300 in the present day.

Strange to say, considering the large number of copies issued of these "Statutes of War," no reference to them is to be found in any of the standard works on early printed books in England; nor in any work on military history or military law. Yet one copy—apparently unique—still exists at Loseley, among the famous, ancient, documentary treasures stored in that beautiful old house; and a description of it, with an abstract of its contents, is to be

read in Kempe's "Loseley Manuscripts" published in 1837.

Nevertheless, this rare and curious publication has escaped the notice of black-letter fanciers all these eighty years; owing, probably, to the accidental omission of the article describing it from the "Table of Contents" in Kempe's book. What we have cited from the war accounts in the Record Office relating to its printing and binding should invest it now with a new value and interest.

The copy in question doubtless belonged originally to Robert Cawarden or Carden, a petty captain under Sir Lewis Bagot, in the Vanguard of the Army of 1513, and the father of Sir Thomas Carden, a gentleman of the King's Privy Chamber in the latter part of Henry VIII's reign, "Keeper of the King's Halls, Tents, Toils and Pavilions" and "Master of the Revels" as well.

There is a romance even of old books—at least to the bibliophile—and it may be not uninteresting to some to think of this rare black-letter pamphlet—for it consists of only a few quarto sheets—going with its owner, Captain Carden, in the campaign of 1513, first to Calais; then on to Thérouanne; next along the river Lys to Aire; thence by Lillers, Béthune, Guinchy and La Bassée to Carvin and Séclin, and so to Tournay; thence back by

Quesnoy-sur-Deule, Ypres, Dixmude, Furnes to Dunkirk and Calais, and so again to England.

Eventually it passed, with the rest of Sir Thomas Carden's valuable collection of papers, relating to the offices he held, which he kept in his castle of Bletchingley, to his neighbour, friend and executor, Sir William More, the builder of Loseley, in whose home it found a resting-place for 350 years; and in the possession of whose family it still remains to this day.

And even to this day, many of the "Statutes" set down therein are as applicable to the English Army in Flanders in 1916, as they were to the English Army in Flanders in 1513. In effect they were the germ and origin of our modern "Articles of War"; being ordered to be read twice, or at least once a week, on parade, before each regiment or "retinue"; and enforced by severe, but by no means unduly harsh, penalties.

The more interesting of the "ordinances" are the following: General obedience to the King and his Officers enjoined on pain of death; while "Unlawful Assemblies and Conventicles," and "Murmurs or Grudges against the King or the Officers of his Host," are strictly forbidden under severe penalties. Everyone, except he be a Bishop, is to bear a Cross of St. George, "suffysaunt and large." Then follow

stern injunctions against such acts of unknightly warfare as sacrilege, robbery, pillage, violence towards the inhabitants of the invaded country, firing of houses, etc.—all of which are offences punishable with death. There is further a special ordinance against entering a house in which a woman is lying in child-bed, which is likewise punishable with the extreme penalty.

Several other ordinances aim at the maintenance of good order and good conduct in the camp: for instance, against wasting of victuals, though "a man may take as much as him needeth"—even of beer or wine; and against dicing, card-playing, and other games of chance. Finally, "no man is to give reproach to another, because of the country he is of, that is to say, English, Northern, Welsh or Irish."

These and other similar regulations are introduced by a preamble setting forth the King's intention of passing over the sea "in his owne persone with an Armye and Hoste Royall for repressynge the great Tyrannye of the Frenche Kynge"; and explaining the need of such statutes of war "t' order his Folkes of the war in Justice by ye Mynysters of ye Lawe."

The title-page of the pamphlet is a typographical curiosity, with an elaborate heading and quaint

heraldic embellishments of the arms, badges and "Knyges Beastes" of Henry and his allies.

From the number printed it is evident that every officer in the Army must have been furnished with a copy for his own use, so that there should be no excuse for any of them being ignorant of the military code.

All this careful prevision and preparation on Wolsey's part shows that with him as organizer of war, everything was provided for; every contingency foreseen; every risk guarded against.

And all the while there were the many little, trifling things, which might affect the personal comfort or convenience of the King in the coming campaign, which he took into his own special charge and which had to be thought out and attended to—arrangements, for instance, in regard to the affairs of the Royal household, and such like. Of these one or two examples will suffice. "Coffers, cases and linen cloth," had to be ordered, "for the King's jewels and plate to go over the sea."

Then we find him two or three months before King Henry crossed the Channel to Calais, giving special instructions to the King's Deputy or Governor, Sir Gilbert Talbot, to have a tun of a certain wine ready against the King's coming at the house where he is to lodge; and he selects the shade of the colour of the satin for the King's doublet.

Again, there were matters also, specially concerning himself, which he had to look after. Thus in another letter he asks the deputy to be good enough to procure him "some French black for his own wearing"—doubtless for his cassocks—so that when he appears by the King's side at Calais or on French soil he may be habited in the particular material there considered appropriate to his office of "King's Almoner"—just as later in his career he sends to Rome for a pattern of the exact texture and shade of red of the cloth worn by the cardinals in the Eternal City—so alive was he always to the importance of trifles of etiquette and custom in international social relations. Needless to say, Sir Gilbert Talbot sends off at once to St. Omer and Bruges and gets him the exact stuff, something "fine and good," he is seeking, and sends it to him within a week.

Nothing, indeed, escapes him; nothing is overlooked or neglected; nothing is too small or trivial, as nothing is too wide nor too great, not to come within his all-searching scrutiny and his all-providing foresight.

CHAPTER IX.

THE FLEET AT SEA—VICTUALLING TROUBLES.

Rigging out the Ships for Fighting—The King Inspects His Fleet—Lord Admiral Howard puts to Sea—His Own Squadron—The Full Fleet—Its Fighting Force—Howard's Cheery Letters—"Never such a Fleet Seen"—The Sailing of the Great Ships—Their Names, Tonnage, Armament—Officers and Complement of Men—Soldiers Aboard—Names of Old County Families—The Same To-day on Land and Sea—Wages of Officers and Men—Shortage of Victuals—Soldiers' and Sailors' Graves—Difficulties of Transport—Food Depending on Wind—Men insist on Beer and Beef—Few Purveyors or Warehouses—Urgency of the Problem—Wolsey grapples with It.

AS the spring advanced the hum of eager preparation for the coming campaign resounded louder and louder throughout England, and especially around the seaports on the southern coast.

For it was there that the work then of most immediate importance was being carried on—the rigging out of the Fleet for active service—for which Wolsey had been busy preparing all the winter, hurrying on the building of the new ships, and completing their armament and outfit; and next marshalling a force of soldiers to be put on board

them. This force, by a well-recognized exercise of sea-power, was to be used to threaten a landing somewhere along the northern coasts of France, either in Brittany, Normandy or Picardy, and thereby to keep the French in perpetual uncertainty as to where they ought to place their main army of defence.

In the middle of March, Henry went to inspect the Fleet in Southampton Water. Although we have no account of what happened on this occasion, we may be sure that the King did what he had done on a similar visit to his Fleet the year before, when "he made a great banquet to all the captains, and every-one swore to another ever to defend, aid, and comfort one another without failing, and this they promised before the King, which committed them to God, and so with great noise of minstrelsy"—and we may be sure with other tokens of conviviality also—"they took their ships."

"To see the lords and gentlemen," adds the chronicler, "so well armed and so richly apparelled in cloths of gold, and of silver, and velvets of sundry colours, pounced and embroidered, and all petty captains in satin and damask, of white and green"—the King's colours—"and yeomen in cloth of the same colours; and the banners, pennons, standards, and gittons, fresh and newly painted, with sundry

beasts and devices, it was a pleasure to behold. And when Sir William Sandys, Knight, appointed Treasurer for the Wars, had paid all the wages, then every man was commanded to his ship. Then you should have seen binding of mails and fardels, trussing of coffers and trussers, that no man was idle."

A few days after this inspection by the King the first portion of the expedition put to sea. This, the Lord Admiral's own squadron, consisted of 24 ships of a total tonnage of 8,460, carrying innumerable guns of all kinds of calibre, and 2,880 seamen and 4,600 soldiers, under the command of the Lord Admiral Sir Edward Howard (second son of the Earl of Surrey, the victor of Flodden, who was afterwards Duke of Norfolk).

These ships, with the sailors they were manned by and the soldiers they were freighted with, have usually been referred to, as though they alone composed all the force under Howard in the spring of 1513. Even Brewer writes as if these 24 ships were nothing less than the whole "English Navy" at that time. This is a mistake. The "Navy Lists" of that year, and other original documents, prove the contrary; for they give the names of many other line-of-battle ships and smaller craft also, setting out their tonnage, their armament, the

names of their officers, and the numbers of their crews. In truth, Henry VIII's full Channel Fleet must have been, in the mere number of vessels belonging to it, quite three times as big as the Lord Admiral's own squadron ; while in weight of gun metal, and effective strength of fighting men, soldiers as well as sailors, it must have been at least twice as powerful.

The best information on this topic is, as usual, to be found among the reports of Venetians then resident in London—in one of the letters of the merchant Bavarin to his firm. "In Holy Week," he wrote, "69 ships quitted the Port of London ; and at Southampton there are ten other ships which the 69 have joined, making a total of 80 ships." He goes on to note an interesting novelty in naval construction. "The English," he says, "have also some long and low vessels like galleys, worked by a great number of oars, which all the Biscayan mariners in England consider better men-of-war for the Channel than galleys. Besides a double complement of sailors to work the ships, there is a body of 16,000 picked soldiers."

The full fighting element of Howard's fleet must, consequently, have reached some 20,000 to 25,000 men ; and its appearance with its 80 sail on the western horizon must have caused no little emotion

in the ports and harbours of the northern seaboard of France.

Of its manœuvrings in the Channel, and its operations off the coasts of Normandy and Brittany, so interesting an account is afforded us in Sir Edward Howard's letters, as to make them well worth reading in full. There is a freshness, a cheeriness, and a vigour of thought and expression about them, which admirably reflect the spirit of the bold seaman and gallant officer and gentleman he was soon to prove himself to be; and which give us the first example in our sea-history of that fine spirit of lofty pride in the Fleet under his command which has ever since been the mark of every great captain of England's Navy.

And, indeed, there can be no doubt that never before had an English Sovereign set eyes on such magnificent ships as floated forth before the breeze from Southampton Water, through the Solent, and out into the western Channel on that March morning of 1513. "Never," wrote Spinelly, Henry's Ambassador at Brussels at the Court of Margueret Duchess of Savoy, to Cardinal Bainbridge, the King s envoy in Rome, "Never was such a fleet seen. They are daily expecting to hear some happy news of it." And Admiral Howard himself, in his report to the King in obedience to "his command to send

him word how every ship did sail"—which he did with great minuteness, though unfortunately most of what he wrote about them is lost to us, from the manuscript being decayed—declares enthusiastically, "Such a fleet was never seen before in Christendom."

Some of the ships that formed part of that Tudor prototype of the "Grand Fleet" of to-day, have become famous in naval history. "The Mary Rose," for example, the Admiral's flag-ship of 600 tons, with 200 soldiers and 200 mariners; "The Gabriel Royal," of 800 tons, with the Bishop of Exeter on board with his "retinue" of 100 soldiers, also Lords Arundel and Stourton, each with his "retinue" of 100 men and 50 men respectively, besides the ship's two captains with their "retinue" of 100 men, and then 250 mariners—a complement altogether of 600 fighting men; "The Great Galley," of 700 tons, with 200 pieces of artillery, great and small, 120 oars, and a full complement of 800 to 1,000 men; "The Henry Imperial," of 1,000 tons, Sir William Trevenyan, Captain, "with his own retinue of 400," and 300 mariners; and "The Sovereign," or "Trinitye Sovereign" (Henry VIII as three-fold King of England, France and Ireland), with Lord Ferrers—brother of the Marquis of Dorset and a very gallant seaman—as captain with

his 200 men, Lord Devon with 200 men, besides 300 mariners. Of this ship, Admiral Howard, in one of his letters to King Henry, says:—"Sir, sche is the noblest shipp of sayle is this great shipp at this hower, that I trow be in Christendom."

As to the still more famous ship the "Henry Grace-de-Dieu"—or "Great Harry," as she was popularly called—of 1,500 tons, though already in the "Navy List" of the spring of 1513, and apparently commissioned, with officers appointed to her, and her complement of 907 men fixed, yet she was still in dock and not launched until several months after, and not "hallowed," to use the old and much more appropriate word than "christened," until upwards of a year later—"hallowed" with a religious service, instead of being "christened" with a bottle of champagne.

In the numerous records relating to the Navy, as well as in those relating to the Army, it is interesting to observe how most of the names of the captains and leaders in Henry VIII's forces are of the same old county families, which, during the 400 years intervening between then and now, have always lavishly given their best and dearest for England's sake in every part of the world.

They are the names of many of those who, with worthy comrades of every grade and from every

quarter of the King's dominions, during the last two years, have laid down their lives for their country in the trenches and fields of Flanders; the cliffs and ravines of the Dardanelles; the swamps and scorching plains of Mesopotamia.

They are the names of many of those who, with like noble comrades, sleep their long sleep entombed in the deep ooze beneath the far-down waters, dim and still, of every ocean and of every sea; while above them the ever-sounding billows shall to all time proclaim their deathless honour, their unmatched renown. Here are some of the names:

Aston, Astley, Ashley, Berkeley, Broke, Bagot Berkeley, Cavendish, Compton, Conway, Cheyney, Corbett, Chetwynd, Courtenay, Craddock, Capel, Curzon, Clifford, Dacre, Digby, Egerton, Eyre, Fortescue, Ferrers, Fairfax, Foljambe, FitzWilliam, Gresley, Greville, Howard, Harcourt, Herbert, Hussey, Jerningham, Lovell, Lyttleton, Mainwaring, Neville, Phelips, Paulet, Pole, Radcliffe, Russell, Seymour, Stanley, Sidney, Sandys, Southwell, Shelley, St. Leger, Strangways, Tempest, Tyrwitt, Throgmorton, Vaux, Wyatt, Wombwell, Wortley, Wyndham, Wingfield, Wallop, Willoughby, Zouche.

These are some of the names found in Wolsey's lists of the naval and military officers engaged in Henry VIII's expedition to France in 1513. And

if there were records of the names of the rank and file we may be very sure that among them would stand out those of that sturdy breed of farmer and yeoman who, fixed on the soil of England for a thousand years, have always proved their patriotism in the hour of their country's need.

It may interest some to learn what pay was received by the officers and men. "The wages for my Lord Ferrers," Captain of "The Trinitye Sovereign," were 5s. 2d. a day. "Under captains, 12d. a day; petty captains, 8d." But Ferrers for his great gallantry afterwards received a special grant from the King, "in reward £40." Soldiers, mariners, and others, received 5s. per month, "with deed shares and rewards;" master gunners, 5s.; masters, 2s. 6d.; gunners, 20d.; while "Master Surgeons" received 13s. 4d. a month; and other surgeons, 10s.

Athough Howard was in no anxiety for the seaworthiness or sailing capabilities of any of the ships of the King's "Fleet Royal" under his command; nor for the fighting fitness of the guns that armed them; of the crews that manned them; nor of the soldiers that were aboard them, he was, as he indicated in his letters to Henry, in very great fear of a shortage of victuals, and he informed His Majesty that he had written to "Master Amener"

most urgently on the subject. He adds:—"Sir, for God's sake haste your council to send us down our victuals, for if we shall lie long the common voice will run that we lie and keep in the Downs and do no good, but spend money and victual. And so the noise will run to our shame; though your Grace knows well that we cannot otherwise do, without we should leave our victual and fellows behind."

The letter to Wolsey referred to herein is lost; but another is extant, written to him a fortnight later from "Plymouth Road," in which Howard complains grievously that "the victuals are bad and scanty, and will not serve beyond fifteen days," and he entreats the Almoner "for God's sake, to make provision of biscuits and beer, that he may not be compelled to go into the Downs, and the French escape."

Indeed, it is very evident that in those days naval and military operations were continually being seriously hampered by difficulties of commissariat which we, in our time, have no idea of; due partly to deficiencies of transport both by sea and land, causing constant delays in the delivery of supplies; and due not less—when lighters and barges, or "foists" and "hoys" as they were called, were plentiful—to the way they were always liable to

be interfered with or endangered by storm and adverse winds and similar hazards.

On the wind, especially, depended almost entirely the chance of procuring any food at all by the fleet for the soldiers as well as for the sailors —winds not only to waft the victualling boats to Plymouth and other western ports, or out to the ships in mid-channel; but often winds also to drive the mills, to grind the wheat, to make the flour, to bake the bread. This was in the very nature of the circumstances, and could not have been avoided.

The hindrance due to want of wind ashore applied especially to Calais, which, of course, was always the miltary base for any hostile operations against France, and where there were several private bakehouses, besides the King's great bakehouse—entirely dependent on the windmills in the surrounding country of the English pale, to enable them to cope with the excessive demands for bread and biscuits for the King's forces concentrated in the town or operating in the field near by.

As to the beer, even after it was brewed, frequent delays occurred in its delivery to the ships, owing to want of casks and barrels in which to convey and store it on board: and all the time there were those sturdy, pertinacious fellows, the English sailors and soldiers, clamorously demand-

ing the war-ration allowed to each of them—at this period no less than a gallon a day—and steadily refusing to be fobbed off with such swipes for weaklings as washy, "small-creature Rhenishe wyne."

These were some of the perplexities that troubled the naval and military authorities in early Tudor times, owing to the rarity of well-stocked open markets, where bread, biscuits, and beer could easily and quickly be procured. Not, of course, that there were not many private dealers in such staple commodities from whom they might be bought by the Government. But there being, in ordinary times of peace, no demand beyond a certain average quantum, there was very little margin available for unexpected emergencies, and nothing like anything substantial in the way of stores in reserve.

The same remark applies, though in a lesser degree, both to salt fish, and also, particularly, to salt beef, of which each man's ration was a pound a day, and "without which," says Brewer, "no English sailor could be made amenable to discipline." Neither of these articles could be purchased off-hand for the asking, and in no case could they be hastily procured, nor when procured, could they be transported except by the slow conveyance of those times.

Moreover, the number of storehouses for such

perishable stuff, whether belonging to the Crown or to private individuals, were of the scantiest, even in great ports like Southampton, Portsmouth, or Plymouth ; and not of the size or capacity to supply the needs of the large number of men then being embarked.

All these adverse factors became still more serious when the great galleys were crowded to their utmost capacity by carrying troops, rendering it often not more dangerous to keep them at sea, than it was risky to disembark them—even back again in English sea-ports, where provisions might be as difficult to obtain as on the enemy's shores.

Even when the war-ships were not laden with troops, they might be kept tossing about for days together without being able to reach a friendly harbour or a safe anchorage in some sheltered bay, their scanty supplies of food and water steadily running out all the time.

The fact is, though Henry VIII "had got the ships, and got the men, and got the money too," he found it very difficult to get the food ; and it was doubtless the supreme urgency of this need—a novel one for a country never before engaged in so vast a naval and military enterprise overseas—which appealed to Wolsey, and was the real reason why he had taken over, under his special direction

and control, as we have seen, the business of catering for the King's forces, and not the reason given by Lord Herbert of Cherbury in his "Life of Henry VIII," that "the victualling was recommended to him as a sarcasm to his birth, he being a butcher's son"—which he really was not.

Indeed, it is evident that there was no part of the arduous work of making ready Henry VIII's great "Army Royal" for service on the continent of Europe, and his magnificent "Navy Royal" for scouring the enemy's fleet out of the Channel, which caused the King's confidential minister such serious perturbation of mind as this business of victualling.

But then Wolsey sought out, by a kind of unerring instinct, those particular features of the problem likely to reveal weakness in an expedition across the seas, undertaken by an island power with little recent experience of war, and with no preparation for it, against a great continental military state, always battle-ready. So the great statesmen directed all his amazing energy and all his incomparable grasp of detail to grappling with what are, in some ways, the most intricate, perplexing and exasperating of all the many difficult problems of war.

CHAPTER X.

SEA-FIGHT OFF BREST—ADMIRAL HOWARD'S HEROIC DEATH.

Howard's Determination to get at the Enemy—His Last Messages to All—His Indomitable Spirit—Wolsey's Relations with the Admirals—Their Respect for Him—Admiral Howard's Plan—Sighting the Enemy—"They fled to Brest"—"They shall have Broken Heads"—The Enemy Won't Come Out—His Resolve to "Attack them in their Hiding Places"—Howard rushes In—Admiral's Good, Plain English—Howard boards "Prior John's" Galley—"Come Aboard Again"—How Brave Howard fell—His Glorious Example—His "Bull Rushing Tactics"—The Same Spirit To-day—Momentous Consequences.

WHEN Admiral Howard wrote Wolsey the letter of April 5th about victualling, which we have already quoted from on that point in our last chapter, he tells him how he is pining for a brush with the enemy; how he hopes for "an engagement within five or six days, as he hears that a hundred sail are coming towards him," and how he would rather be beggared of his last groat "than not keep the western channel until he and the enemy meet." At all hazards, he says, he is determined to give battle to the enemy's fleet.

"However the matter goeth, I will make a fray with them, if wind and weather serve."

He then begs Wolsey to "commend him to all good ladies and gentlewomen and his fellows; and to his father, beseeching his blessing, and most humbly to the King's noble Grace, as his most bounden servant; and to desire his Grace to trust no tidings until he hears from his Admiral, who, if he lives, will be the first to write."

Finally, he prays Wolsey "to knit all," that they "may win that victory over the enemy, which to you, my special friend, is your most heart's-desire." His last thought is for his wife, for whom he encloses a letter, which he asks Wolsey, in a postscript, to give to her.

All Sir Edward Howard's letters breathe the same indomitable spirit; and all of them, it may be observed by the way, like those of all commanders of whatever grade, and of all officials of whatever service, when addressing the future Cardinal, are couched in a tone easy, friendly and cordial, revealing evident trust in his zeal and energy, and confidence in his disinterestedness, as well as in his fairness and kindliness.

In truth, Wolsey's relations with the chiefs of the Navy as well as of the Army, we may observe by the way, were such that they not only often deferred

to his advice when he proffered it; but sometimes even sought it—so great was the belief in his wisdom and sagacity in all practical matters, and so complete the reliance on his honesty of purpose.

And considering the position of his correspondents, many of whom were of the highest nobility in the land, with his own humble origin; and the strong feeling, with which the intrusion of clerics into public affairs, was always resented by the governing laity, it is remarkable in what terms of equality, not to say respect and even deference, they usually wrote to him.

The Earl of Arundel, for instance, in sending a present of venison to "his very good and entirely well-beloved Master Almoner," thanks him heartily "for his great kindness to him at all times." One of Sir Edward Howard's letters to his "special friend" we have just quoted from. And Admiral Lord Howard, Sir Edward's elder brother, also, when later himself in command of the Channel Fleet, writing to Wolsey for his advice on some point, declares: "It is my most earnest business to be instructed of them that can skill." The same Admiral desired, on occasion, to shelter himself behind Master Almoner's authority, as when he asks for "a letter on his arrival at Southampton enjoining no captain or seaman to go ashore."

In another letter, the same Lord Howard says, "he had always found Wolsey so kind he could do no less than write to him from time to time, as never poor gentleman was in greater fear to take rebuke than him": and this from the man who afterwards, when Duke of Norfolk, ceaselessly schemed against his former friend and patron; and pursued him, when tottering to his fall, with the most relentless malice and hate.

Reverting again to Sir Edward Howard: we find him writing to the King about the middle of March, being then at sea, and having moved out of Plymouth Sound towards the coast of Brittany.

His plan seems to have been in the first place, of course, to sweep the French from the Channel, and afterwards to effect a landing "somewhere in France"—rather as a "demonstration in force" in connection with naval operations, than with the intention of permanently occupying any part of the enemy's country. Chance, which in the days of sailing vessels had a greater influence on the course of events even than it does now, decided where this should be attempted. For, driven by north north-easterly breezes, "they were fain to set in with *the Trade*, and went in by the broad sound before St. Matthew's"—Point de St. Matheu, by Le Conquet, the extreme western point of the headland on the

northern side of the entrance to Brest Roads—"where lay fifteen sail of the French line, who fled to Brest," wrote Howard to the King, "as soon as they espied the English."

Before the Admiral "could get as far as St. Matthew's, the wind shifted to E.N.E. and prevented our getting further than the mouth of Brest, where we descried the fleet of France to the number of 50 sail. Here we dropped anchor, determining next morning, if we could have wind, to lay it aboard. For, Sir," continued Howard, "these ships cannot get in by the castle but at high water and a drawing wind. Sir, the wind has blown so at E.N.E. that we cannot as yet come at them. Sir, we have them at the greatest advantage ever man had. Sir, God worketh in your cause and right; for, upon a five or six days since, came to *the Trade* Pery John" (the French Admiral, of whom hereafter) "with his galleys and foists, for scantiness of water at St. Malo's . . . but all their trust is vain for they shall never come together."

What immediately follows in the manuscript is unfortunately badly mutilated; but further on we can make out: "Sir, the first wind that ever cometh, . . . (they shall?) have broken heads that all the world shall speak of it.'

As to Howard's appeal for what was just then the fleet's greatest need—namely, victuals—we are glad to know that through Wolsey's determination and energy it was satisfied just at the critical moment.

We need not follow here the course of events, which resulted a week or two after in a resolve—"seeing that the navy of France would not come out, but would always resort to the chamber of Brest"—"to attack the French ships in their hiding-places" in Brest harbour—an attempt in which the gallant Howard lost his life when himself boarding the French Admiral's flag-ship.

How this unfortunate result was brought about is best told in the words of Captain Sir Edward Echynham, who was present in command of a ship, in a long despatch he wrote to Wolsey describing the whole affair, a few days after it happened. After referring to the "dolorous news," and saying how "good a master unto him" he had always found Wolsey, and describing some small encounters with the enemy's ships, and the measures taken by the Admiral "to prevent the French fleet getting out," he tells in detail what occurred on St. Mark's Day, 25th of April.

"My Lord Admiral first appointed 6,000 men to land between Ushant Bay and Le Conquet and

so come upon the rear of the French galleys;" but espying part of the enemy's fleet already under sail he abandoned the project, and decided on the still bolder course "to win the French galleys with the help of boats, the water being too shallow for ships."

"The galleys were protected on both sides by bulwarks planted so thick with guns and crossbows that the quarrels" (square iron bolts shot from crossbows) "and gun-stones" (stone cannon balls) "came as thick as hailstones. For all this the Admiral boarded the galley that 'Prior John' was in. And as soon as he was aboard of 'Prior John's' galley, he leapt out of his own galley into the forecastle of 'Prior John's' galley and Charran, the Spaniard, with him and sixteen other persons."

"Prior John" (sometimes "Pery John" or "Prester John") was the jocose popular English equivalent of the name of the French Admiral Prégian de Bidoux; and it is an early instance of an inveterate habit of Jack Tar and Tommy Atkins to make fun of the names of their enemies.

Not only Echyngham, but also the Lord Admiral Howard used the nickname in his letters to the King; and even the King's Ambassadors in their despatches —a reminder, by the way, how such documents were, in olden times, written in good, plain English,

full of racy phrases and amusing anecdotes, and even chaff; not in the lifeless, Latinese diction, which prevails in the diplomatic correspondence of the present day, and which was forced on official writers by early Georgian and eighteenth century pomposity, backed up afterwards by nineteenth century pedantry.

Fortunately, English admirals have scarcely ever given in to this stilted style of long-winded academic circumlocutions, and English generals only in part, speaking and writing that simple, plain, downright, English language—the language of our great sea-fighters like Drake, Hawkins, Hood, Nelson—too often patronizingly designated as "breezy" in Parliament, that home and nursery of artificial diction and turgid insincerity.

But even had the full frankness and simplicity of old English speech and intercourse survived to the present day, one cannot quite fancy Admiral Jellicoe writing to the Admiralty about "old Tirps," or General Haig to the War Office about "Kaiser Bill," "Little Willie," or "the Boches," as they would have done had they lived in Tudor times.

"Prior John," whom Henry VIII sometimes called "Prester John," and whom he denounced as a "noted pirate and apostate," was certainly a very able seaman, who had achieved wonderful successes

against the Turks in the Mediterranean and off the coast of Morocco, and whose great reputation had led the French King to seek his services, and place the whole French navy under his supreme control.

Resuming Echyngham's narrative: "By advice of the Admiral and Charron they had cast anchor into the rails of the French galley, and fastened the cable unto the capstan, that if any of the galleys had been on fire they might have veered the cable and fallen off. But the French did hew asunder the cable, or else some of our mariners let it slip, and so they left this brave man in the hands of his enemies."

The tide was at the ebb—so we learn from Hall the Chronicler—and in the melée nobody came to his assistance. In exculpation of Sir Henry Shirborne and Sir William Sidney, captains of the "Great Bark" and two of his chief subordinates in command, Echyngham explained that they "boarded 'Prior John's' galley, but being left alone, and thinking the Admiral safe, returned."

King Henry, however, was far from being satisfied with this explanation, and he seems to have expressed his displeasure pretty sharply at the Admiral's having been so badly supported. So much so that Thomas Lord Howard, Sir Edward's elder brother and his successor as "Lord Admiral

and Commander of the King's forces on the Sea" (afterwards, by the way, 3rd Duke of Norfolk of the house of Howard), evidently thought it necessary to vindicate his brother's subordinates, by warmly assuring the King that they had done all that men in such straits could do. That this was so we can gather pretty clearly from Echyngham's detailed account of the affair, as told in his despatch already quoted.

"There was a mariner," continues Echyngham, "wounded in eighteen places, who by adventure recovered unto the buoy of the galley, so that the galley's boat took him up. He said he saw my Lord Admiral thrust against the rails of 'Pryor John's' galley with marris pikes. Charran's boy tells a like tale; for when his master and the Admiral had entered" (boarded the galley), "Charran sent him for his hand-gun, which before he could deliver, the one galley was gone off from the other, and he saw my Lord Admiral waving his sword and crying to the galleys, 'Come aboard again! Come aboard again!' which when my Lord saw they could not, he took his whistle and chain from about his neck, wrapped it together and threw it into the sea"—in token no doubt that his command and career were over; and, perhaps, to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy.

Next morning, to ascertain whether he was alive or dead, the English sent a boat to the shore, with a standard of peace, in which went three officers. "There they met 'Prior John' on horseback, and enquired about his prisoners, who answered: 'Sirs, I ensure you I have no prisoners English within any galleys of mine but one, and he is a mariner; but there was one that lept into my galley with a gilt target in his arm, the which I cast overboard with morris pikes; and the mariner I have prisoner told me that that same was your Admiral.'"

So fell gallant Sir Edward Howard, a victim, to his own too heedless, reckless courage — to his own maxim, in fact, that "no admiral was good for anything who was not resolute even to madness"—but a hero, standing out for ever as the earliest of those great seamen, by whose example have been built up the glorious traditions of the English navy—carried on and never broken, through four centuries of our national life, and never more nobly, more sublimely, than in the present war.

In Howard's "bull-rushing tactics," as they have been called—which he had used with wonderful success the year before—there breathed the true spirit of English seamanship. Though different in circumstance, method and scale, the spirit was the same as that which filled and impelled Hawke at

Quiberon, Matthews off Toulon, Cradock off Coronel, and Beatty off Horn Reef. English sea-fighting, as the veriest landsman can see, never has been, and never will be, a mere coldly-calculated game of "kriegspiel"—as England's enemies have ever found, and are once more finding, to their dismay.

The loss of the Lord Admiral was deeply mourned—need we say?—by both services, and every man in them, no less than by the King and his War Minister. For, as Sir Edward Echyngham wrote to Wolsey: "there was never noble man so ill lost as he was, that was of so great courage and had so many virtues, and that ruled so great an army so well as he did, and kept so great order and true justice."

It might be supposed, perhaps, that a life of great value to his King and Country had been thus altogether thrown away in a mere reckless feat of personal bravery, without inflicting any commensurate loss or damage on the enemy. But it was not so. Howard's dashing lead in attempting to carry out what his brother called "the most dangerful enterprise I ever heard of, and the most manly handled," bore, as we shall see, momentous consequences out of all proportion to the action itself.

CHAPTER XI.

HOWARD'S TACTICS CRITICIZED BY "EXPERTS."

Discussion of the Action—Cavilling Civilians—No Interference from Wolsey—The King's Impatience—Shall "Attack them in their Hiding-Places"—Amateurs and Professionals—Naval "Strategists" and "Tacticians"—An "Expert's" Criticisms—"Not as I should have done it"—Extraordinary Effects of Howard's Bravery and Death—The Enemy's Generous Tribute—His Body Recovered, Salted and Embalmed—His Belongings Distributed—The Lion Heart of Howard—His Admiral's Whistles and Chains—Effects of the News Abroad—Who's the "Victory?"—The Action disparaged by King Ferdinand—Vexation of the King of Scots—Speedy and Striking Results—England's Mastery of the Seas—Wolsey marshals the King's Forces—Concentration in the Southern Counties and Ports—Wolsey's "New Army."

GLORIOUS as was Howard's supreme act of bravery, ending in his heroic death, and deeply stirring as were its effects on the Fleet, and on people at home and abroad, yet it was a sad misfortune for England. Inevitably, therefore, as is always the case when a thing of this sort occurs in war, there was no end to the wordy chatterings about it by the knowing ones; and no end to the explanations of how and why it happened—or rather how and why it ought *not* to have happened—in the

service and out of it, with much criticism—and some of it not too good-natured either—of the survivors, of course, and even of the brave Howard himself.

There is evidence of this in a letter of his brother's, written to Wolsey some five weeks after the Admiral's death, complaining that his late brother had long been exposed to unfair censure and attack for having done nothing decisive with the fleet—"many men putting fear what he durst do, which opinion the day of his death he well proved untrue."

This would seem to give some colour to the suggestion that the Admiral had been egged on, by foolish taunts from impatient civilians at home about his inactivity, and his want of enterprise—if not of courage—to engage the enemy under the guns of Brest and Le Conquet and in the shallow waters of Whitsand Bay (Les Blancs Sablons) against his better judgment.

That Wolsey, however, had no part in any such movement as spurring him on to take energetic action is clear from the whole tenour of the Admiral's own letter, written to the Almoner only two or three weeks before the battle; and clearer still from the tone of his brother's letter just cited.

In fact we may note here that though Wolsey's energy was inexhaustible and his thoroughness all-pervading, we find no trace in the correspondence

of the time that he ever endeavoured to usurp the functions that properly belong to the executive branch, either when acting—as we should say—as First Lord of the Admiralty or as Secretary of State for War. On the contrary, as far as one can gather from the evidence available, he seems always to have recognized the definite line that should separate organization and administration at home from military action abroad, whether on land or at sea; and to have strictly confined his activities within the limitations which as a consequence he imposed upon himself.

It does not necessarily follow, however, that King Henry, whose impetuosity and impatience Wolsey could only with difficulty—when at all—control, was equally reasonable and restrained.

Indeed, were the account given by Hall in his "Chronicle" of "The Triumphant Reign of King Henry the Eighth"—published, it may be observed, in Henry's lifetime about thirty years after the event—to be held to be anything like correct, which, however, is very doubtful, as to how the attack on the galleys came to be made, it would look very much as if the whole thing had been brought about by Royal incitation: in other words, that the rash, almost wild, idea of "attacking them in their hiding places"—"digging them out," in fact, "like rats in

their holes"—emanated not from the Admiral's cabin aboard the "Mary Rose," but from the King's closet within the Palace of Westminster.

If this be a fact, it was the first, but, unfortunately, by no means the only, instance in our history, of an amateur "strategist," seated in pompous self-importance in that same locality, seeking from his desk to interfere with and direct the naval policy of our sailors on the seas, and to hamper their judgment and action.

That Henry should afterwards turn on and blame the unfortunate instruments of his ill-judged plan, and the reluctant yielders to his imperious wilfulness, would only be in accordance with his customary action; and no more than the measure which he meted out, in due course, to Wolsey and all his most faithful servants in turn.

In this case, however, as Howard was dead—whether what he did was in pursuit of the King's instructions or not—there was nothing for it but to go for the survivors; so the blame fell, as we have seen, on Howard's two chief subordinates, Sherborne and Sidney.

Nevertheless, even if it be that Howard was peremptorily ordered by the King to attack the French fleet in Brest harbour, some of the criticisms levelled by Hall and others at the way the dead

Admiral had carried out the operation are not wanting in cogency. The view taken of it at the time by a certain Captain William Sabyn, who was himself present at the engagement in command of a ship called "The Lesser Bark," of 240 tons, with a complement—crew, marines, and soldiers—of 193 men, is interesting. He seems to have been an experienced seaman, and a considerable authority on sea-fighting—what, in fact, would now be designated as a "naval strategist" or "tactician." Moreover, he enjoyed the confidence and high regard of the Admiral, as well as of the King and his War Minister, and was often consulted by each of them, and made the medium of communication between them.

In a confidential letter which he wrote when under sail five days after the fight and Howard's death, to "his most honorable Maister, Aumoner to the King's Grace," he criticizes the late Admiral's action in these words: "The enterprize on the galleys was not conducted as I would have advised. The Admiral had already attacked before I arrived, and when," he continues, "I see them lie in so great a strength by water and by land, I came unto my Lord Admiral and showed him my mind and mine advice." (Note the "I," "I," "I," of the self-confident "expert," expressing his opinion after

the event.) But Sir Edward was "so sore set" upon the plan suggested to him, so Captain Sabyn said, by a Spaniard—evidently Charron or Sharant, captain of a Spanish "carrack"—that he "could not turn his mind . . . and the more pity it was: howbeit he died like a valiant gentleman."

Howard's death, nevertheless, inconclusive though the engagement had been, bore, as we have already said, momentous consequences. His personal bravery, and the outstanding audacity of the idea of attempting to storm the flagship of the French fleet from a mere row-boat, made an extraordinary sensation throughout Europe. It fastened especially upon the imagination of the two contending nations.

To his own countrymen Howard seemed to realize before their very eyes their highest ideal of a sea-hero—the high-spirited leader, with chivalrous self-sacrifice, seeking out his chief enemy in an enterprise, perilous beyond imagining, invested with all the fascination of sea-adventure, and charged with the thrilling incidents of high romance.

On the enemy the effect was, in its way, scarcely less striking. Throughout the French Admiral's own narrative of the affair we detect a generous admiration of the boldness of the attack on his galleys, and for the English Admiral's own splendid daring therein. "Ils firent de grandes armes à

merveilles," says he to a correspondent, "Croyez, Monseigneur, que si Dieu ne m'eust aidé, sans comparaison ils me devoient effondrer. . . . Jamais je ne vis gens venir si désespérément que ceux la."

It seems evident that Howard's daring dash, though it failed, might very well have succeeded, but for the accident of the too shallow water, and the too quickly ebbing tide. Had it done so, and had "Prior John" fallen instead of him, the destruction of the French fleet and the capture of Brest would probably have been the prize.

In the contemporary English reports nothing is said as to what became of Howard's body. The statement made by Paulus Jovius ("Historia sui Temporis," 1553, i. p. 99) that it "was thrown on the beach, and recognized by the small golden horn ["corniculum"] suspended from his neck as the mark of his rank and office," is discredited in the admirable life of Howard in the "Dictionary of National Biography" (by the late Sir John Laughton), where it is rightly pointed out that the ensign of his office was a whistle or "pipe," not a horn.

Moreover, Prégent, in his letter already referred to, distinctly declares that he had the waters of the bay dragged for the body, and that it was found and brought ashore. He proceeded to have it dis-

embowelled and salted, and afterwards embalmed, pending the decision of the King and Queen of France as to where they wished it buried. Presumably it was buried at Brest or Le Conquet, perhaps in the Abbey of St. Matthew, now in ruins.

The heart—the lion heart of Edward Howard—Prégent begged to be allowed to retain himself. As for his fine suit of armour, he sent it to the French King's daughter, Louise Duchesse d'Angoulême; while his chain of office, with its attached whistle—"siflet avec la chayne . . . celui de quoi il commandoit . . . non pas son siflet d'honneur"—was sent by Prégent to the Queen of France.

This chain and whistle can scarcely have been the ones which Howard had thrown into the sea, to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy; for they could hardly have been recovered.

The fact is, as has been shown by Mr. Julian S. Corbett in a very interesting article in the "Mariner's Mirror" (vol. iii. p. 352, Dec. 1913), the Lord Admiral in Henry VIII's time, had two chains and whistles—one his "chain and whistle of command" ("celui de quoi il commandoit"), and the other "the chain and whistle of honour" ("siflet d'honneur"). This last was usually a chain of massive gold links or roped strands of gold, and a great whistle of gold, studded with precious gems, worn "baldrick-wise"

—that is, like a sash over one shoulder and slantwise across the breast.

It was evidently this chain—"my rope of bowed nobles that I hang my great whistle by, containing 300 angels"—which he had left by his will to Sir Charles Brandon (the Duke of Suffolk), and this whistle—"my great whistle"—which he had left to the King.

Reverting to Prégent: salting one's slain enemy's body, cutting out his heart to keep for one's self in a bottle, and dividing his uniform and other belongings among members of the Royal family, seems more after the manner of a modern Boche than of a chivalrous, mediæval French knight. But it really seems to have been done with the object of showing respect for so gallant a foe.

In the meanwhile the King of France had hastened to proclaim throughout Europe his great "victory" over the English; making, of course, the most of the death of the Admiral, "a great English noble," as though that were a decisive proof of the utter defeat of the Navy he had commanded. The French naturally had the advantage of being nearer to the chief capitals of Europe; and ere Henry and Wolsey had heard any account of what had occurred, despatch riders from Louis XII were speeding across France to carry the news to Spain,

Germany and the Netherlands; while from Toulon, it was borne across the sea to Genoa and thence to Venice, Florence and Rome.

King Henry's agents were, necessarily, very belated with the English version of the affair—which, however, when given, put a very different complexion on it, especially when it was learnt that the French owned to very heavy losses; that the English fleet was still quite intact; and that it was still hovering threateningly outside the harbour of Brest; where "Prior John's" Fleet still snugly lay.

This clear and definite upshot of the whole thing could not be ignored; and Henry's envoys in Rome, Brussels and Madrid plainly spoke of the result as a "victory" for the English fleet. Wolsey, as we know, was not the sort of man to "sing small" over such a superb action as the Lord Admiral's—even although its purpose did not quite come off.

To the world in general, consequently, Howard's valiant deed acted as a proclamation that Englishmen, having found their true outlet on the element that washed their shores and guarded their homes, would, in the future, risk all odds in a determined struggle for the mastery of the seas.

Not surprising, therefore, is it to find that by those who had hitherto disparaged the martial spirit

and fighting capabilities of the English, the news was received with feelings of alarm and annoyance, especially by King Ferdinand, who was then meditating treachery, and seeking an opportunity to make his peace with France.

Thus we find Knight, the English Ambassador in Spain, writing to the King, telling him that "the victory gained over the French by sea on St. Mark's Day gave no satisfaction to his father-in-law, King Ferdinand, who actually grieved that ships of his own had contributed to the victory," and who tried his best to console himself by disparaging it.

And so did the King of Scots, who had laughed so heartily over the Fontarabia affair, and who now, while chuckling complaisantly over the gallant Howard's death, could not conceal his vexation at the general result of the whole operations being favourable to England. This was especially the case, as he was just then revolving in his mind that treacherous assault on his brother-in-law's kingdom, which he intended launching as soon as Henry should be inextricably entangled in his expedition across the channel against the French King.

At the same time he couldn't resist making satirical remarks to the English Ambassador, to be repeated to Henry himself, about "his enterprising so great a matter as to make war upon

France, which he cannot well perform or bring about"—so he ardently hoped.

The strongest proof, indeed, of the moral importance of the fight off Brest is to be found in such futile endeavours to underrate it.

There was, besides, another consequence, equally striking and immediate, though of far greater practical importance, of Howard's act of reckless bravery. For his brother was soon able to report to the King that, as a result of it and of some minor actions which ensued, "the French fleet at Brest dare not come out to the west part of this Realm." As Hall puts it: "The Admiral so nobly and valiantly did scour the sea, that the Frenchmen had no lust to keep the coast of England; for he fought with them at their own ports."

A similar view of the naval strategic situation reached Wolsey at the same time from Captain Sabyn, who wrote: "So long as the English remain in one beating and remove not, the enemy will not come out from the coast of Brittany, or give an opportunity of pursuit. There are numerous places where a landing can be effected. He has offered his advice as Wolsey, his head and governor, commanded."

How all this should have come about remains somewhat obscure. But the essential fact of the whole matter seems to be that the English Fleet,

without any decisive action, which the enemy steadily avoided, had won a real victory of "morale," which was very nearly as effective in results.

No longer, at any rate, did the French fleet venture to dispute England's mastery of the narrow seas, which thenceforth remained clear and free for the transportation of Henry's great "Army Royal" to Calais and the frontier of France.

This now became Wolsey's chief preoccupation; and so we find that while he was attending to the endless details of arms and armaments, provisioning and catering, as well as to the financial side, he was all the time equally absorbed in the larger problems of marshalling the contingents of already mustered troops, and of marching them to the ports on the southern coast, and of there embarking them for transportation to Calais.

The orders issued to the several commanders of the various divisions of the Army, directing them where to bring their forces to, and when, seem all, or mostly all, to have come straight from "the King's Almoner."

One of these—an order of his dated May 9th, 1513, to Sir Charles Brandon "to join the Admiral with 4,000 men at Southampton and take ship there on the 18th of May"—is worthy of notice both for itself and for the reason that Bishop Fox,

writing to Wolsey in reference to this particular movement, and to the forces of the King already mustered or mustering throughout England, speaks of them as "this *New Army*"—"Wolsey's New Army" as one might say. And as in truth it was, for a tool may surely be as fittingly named after the man who fashions it, as after the man who uses it; and no one has ever been known to object to the expressions "Wellington's Army" in the Peninsula, "Roberts's Army" in Afghanistan, "Wolseley's Army" in Egypt, or "French's Army" in Flanders.

This by the way. As to the concentration, which Wolsey was controlling and directing, of his "New Army" at and around Southampton, Dover and the other Cinque Ports, and then at Calais, obviously it involved the control of the movement of ships of war as well as of transports and convoys; and we are, consequently, not surprised to find that every naval disposition and requirement came—just as did every military one—within the scope of his strong vigorous methods and his rare penetrating insight.

Consequently, also, there could be no question of any differences as to action, or any conflict of policy, between the naval and military authorities or between the fighting and providing branches of either—all being worked in perfect unison together, by one commanding and controlling brain.

CHAPTER XII.

THE HOLY LEAGUE—SUBSIDIZED SOVEREIGNS.

Henry's Allies—Maximilian's Shifts and Tricks—The Holy League renewed—Henry's Sincerity—His Chivalrous Ideals—A Lion-Hearted King—His Mixed Motives—Impresses Europe and his own Subjects—Intends to Command in Person—Discussion in Council and in Parliament—Wolsey's Plain, Honest Dealing—New Terms in the Holy League—The Duchess of Savoy negotiates for her Father—Wants his Subsidy paid in Advance—Worrying the English Ambassador for the Instalments—"The Money is on the Way"—Maximilian's Delight—Would like a Small Loan too—King Ferdinand wants Money also—His Treachery—His Advice to "his son" Henry.

WHILST such naval and military preparations as we have given an account of, in our last chapter, were in progress, and engaging Wolsey's incessant and most anxious thought; his attention, for some months, was not less imperatively claimed for the difficult task of unravelling the tangled skein of the diplomatic manœuvres of King Ferdinand and the Emperor Maximilian, and of weaving out of them, and in spite of them, a coherent scheme of policy.

Endlessly protracted and complicated had been the negotiations, extending over five or six months,

for the amendment of the treaty between Henry VIII and the Emperor Maximilian, and the Pope and the King of Arragon; and endless, too, the turns and shifts and tortuous tricks of Maximilian —"the man of few pence," as he was derisively called throughout Europe—who, always desperately hard-up, was for ever scheming so to involve and confuse matters that he should be required to do as *little* as possible, as *late* as possible, while getting as *much* as possible, as *soon* as possible, for himself for whatever he undertook to do, or rather pretended he meant to do, and then quite failed to do—always with the steady aim before him of replenishing his ever-empty coffers with good English gold, and plenty of it.

At last an agreement was arrived at between the parties and embodied in a new treaty of alliance, or rather a new version of the original "Holy League," as it was called—"Holy" because the maintenance of the rights of the Holy See was the pretext of its originators.

As regards Henry VIII, however, it is only fair to say that, notwithstanding all the craft and greed inherited from his Tudor and Yorkish ancestors, he was, at this early period of his life, fairly sincere and straightforward, and towards his partners in the league loyal and confiding to the point of simplicity.

And his motives though mixed were, at that time at any rate, in the main disinterested and chivalrous, and his dealings—inspired and influenced as he was by Wolsey—though sagacious always, still perfectly straight.

For, eager as he was to prove his own troops a match in courage and endurance for those of any Continental power, he was bent, at the same time, on showing the whole Christian world that he was above all things a brave and chivalrous knight, always ready to do battle in his own person for the rights of Holy Church, and now, more than ever, impatient to punish with his own strong arm the miscreants, who had sacrilegiously threatened and flaunted the Vicar of Christ, and wickedly aided and abetted schismatic revolters to defy his supreme and sacred authority.

And also, while anxious to remove the impression that his power and influence in international affairs were of small account, he wanted to appear before all Europe, and equally in the eyes of his own subjects, as a lion-hearted sovereign, resolute to vindicate his own rights to his ancient inheritance—the great and rich provinces of Guienne, Touraine, Acquitaine and Normandy—which he claimed as inalienable portions of the hereditary dominions of the Crown of England ; though it must be said that this

was really far from being a decided determination in his essentially practical, English mind.

Mixing thus, as was ever his wont, the profession of lofty spiritual motives with substantial material and personal aims, until he confused and deluded others as well as himself, he, with an astuteness not quite intended, perhaps, or recognized by himself, assumed a character, which not only exalted him in the minds and hearts of his own people—recalling the brave old days of yore, and the immortal exploits of Edward I, Edward III, Edward the Black Prince and Henry V—but which also undoubtedly impressed foreign nations and struck the imagination of all Christendom.

Here was a young King, scarcely twenty-two years old, and only four on the throne, as yet totally ignorant of state-craft, and altogether inexperienced in the art of war, boldly assuming personal command of an army, numerous indeed and well-equipped perhaps, but hastily mustered, not thoroughly trained, it was thought, and without experience in war, and venturing therewith to challenge the whole might and chivalry of the Kingdom of France. Such audacity, foolish and reckless as it might be, had yet something impressive and astonishing in it; and it was not without much misgiving that people in Paris echoed the

same contemptuous opinion of the English army and its King, so confidently given utterance to in Valladolid and Vienna.

Henry himself, on the prompting probably, and under the guidance assuredly, of his far-visioned counsellor, "Master Almoner," had taken every opportunity in his letters to the Pope, the Emperor, the Lady Margaret and the King of Arragon, as well as in his despatches to his ambassadors and agents abroad, to emphasize the significance of this resolve of his to take the command of his Army "in propria persona"—that Army, the immense size and equipment of which he was also always careful to lay stress on.

That all this was not without great effect, as we have said, both at home and abroad is proved conclusively by the confidential despatches of the foreign envoys in England, both of allies and of neutrals, and not less by the private correspondence of the factors or partners of foreign traders in London.

Yet it had not been without opposition from the older, more cautious, and old-fashioned of his advisers, that Henry had come to this important decision. The question had been freely debated, not only in the Council but also in Parliament. For Henry, thorough Englishman as he was, and

thoroughly understanding the English people—as only the two great Tudors, of all the nine monarchs, who reigned over England in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, ever *did* understand them—always took care to obtain the approval of his people to whatever important step he took in policy, which might seriously involve and affect the nation.

From the beginning of his reign he had appreciated the wisdom of so doing, recognizing the truth and significance of the maxim quoted to him in after years by Francis I, that "there is no way so safe as through Parliament"—"that English Parliament in which," as he wrote in one of his letters to the Pope with a sort of pride, if perhaps rather with his tongue in his cheek, "the discussions are free and unrestricted"—not as did the Stuarts afterwards, who always referred to Parliament as an excrescence on the body politic, composed of med dlesome and ignorant sedition-mongers.

The objections to his commanding his Army in person were, of course, mainly political—the danger of civil dissension and even revolt during his absence abroad, and the want of male issue.

That the bolder policy nevertheless prevailed was doubtless owing to Wolsey's strong support and advocacy, and his growing influence with the King. For it was just such a dramatic stroke as would

appeal to the intrepid imagination and the wide Imperial grasp of the future Cardinal.

Be it ever remembered too of that great statesman, that acute and penetrating as was his intellect by nature, and subtle and flexible as it had been rendered by training, yet his policy was always daring, strong and resolute, and in his conduct and actions he was always the plain-dealing, honest, direct Englishman—even occasionally with a considerable dash of his master's bluffness about him.

The terms of the "Holy League" having been agreed, as we stated above, were finally concluded and signed and sealed as between Henry and Maximilian—with reservations for the Pope and King Ferdinand—on April 8th.

It will not be necessary to recite here all its particulars, save only to say that the Emperor was bound to declare himself within thirty days an enemy of France, whereupon he was to receive from the English Ambassador 35,000 crowns; and again the same sum on invading France; and three months afterwards another 60,000 crowns, as payment in full. Ferdinand was to invade France from the south; while Henry engaged to attack her both by sea and land in the north.

In all the negotiations of the Emperor Maximilian with King Henry, his daughter Margaret,

Duchess of Savoy, always acted as go-between, for which office, being Regent of the Netherlands — the heritage of her youthful nephew, Prince Charles of Castile, afterwards the Emperor Charles V—and, at the same time, a very clever woman, she was peculiarly suited. Soon after the negotiations had been concluded, and long before the Emperor had fulfilled any part of his side of the bargain, we find her applying, at his urgent request, for an advance of the first two instalments of his subsidy.

About the same time she was also trying to get the wages of the German mercenaries paid a month in advance. "For," as Henry's Ambassador in Brussels at Margaret's Court remarked in a letter to Wolsey, "the Emperor is very poor, which my Lady knows well," adding that "until this money comes they can expect nothing but the usual delays."

On the other hand, there had been some slight delay on Henry's side, in getting his Army across the Channel, and in the consequent opening of the campaign. This had given rise to much grumbling on the part of the Emperor, who eagerly seized on it as a pretext for incessantly worrying the English Ambassador accredited to his Court about the payment of his subsidy; and for getting, as we have

just said, his daughter to do the same to Henry's Ambassador at Brussels, although he had not yet fulfilled his part by declaring war against France.

Maximilian's excuse for this omission was that through Henry's being behindhand with his own expedition, and through himself not yet having handled the cash, which he had counted on receiving before then, he had been put in a very tight place. His contention was that, in these circumstances, Henry ought to pay the first instalment in advance —which was agreed to.

But no sooner had this been done than Maximilian was after the second instalment; claiming at the same time that Henry ought to help him to pay the Imperial mercenaries, who had been engaged by him in the expectation of an early advance of the English forces into Picardy. "He marvelled," he said, "that no advises had yet been received respecting it, and he was afraid the delay would do harm to both."

This was as late as June 18th; and two days later he returned to the charge, "taking it very strangely that there should have been any delay in the payment of the second instalment." When a day or two after he heard from the English Ambassador that he had just received letters from Henry promising that, "for the advancement of the common

affair, he would send the second instalment along with all convenient speed"—it was, as a fact, already on its way—his delight "at the favourable news" knew no bounds; and in a burst of confidence he avowed "he had had little sleep for a night or two" worrying over it all.

The fact is he was, as usual, very hard up; and was all the while importuning his daughter to try her hand at getting Henry—if he wouldn't undertake to pay his "Almayns"—at least to lend him a few thousand crowns to help him satisfy the clamours of his Swiss mercenaries.

In the meanwhile, Henry's other ally, Ferdinand of Arragon, was also giving him a good deal of trouble. He, too, was constantly asking for English gold; and yet at the very moment of so doing, and whilst professing, in letter after letter, his unalterable love for his "dear son," he was all the time secretly intriguing—which Henry and Wolsey had certain knowledge of, from the English agents abroad—with the common enemy behind the backs of his allies; and firmly resolved to leave his open-handed, too confiding and obedient son-in-law in the lurch at the end.

"He did not like," he said, "to take money from the King of England, who is his son." But all the same he did it. "He had intended," he

said, "to assist him out of paternal love. But the impossibility of getting any money in Spain continued"; and get it he must—somehow; and a good deal more than Henry's proposed subsidy to him of 100,000 crowns, "which is a rather small aid," he opined, "in so great a war, all the advantage of which will accrue to England."

"Pay, pay, pay," in fact, was the cry that sounded in Henry's ears continuously and from every side—and he was, in truth, by this time beginning to get heartily sick of it.

Ferdinand, however, in the hope of not arousing suspicion, attempted to disguise his treachery by expressing his deep concern for the welfare of his excellent and dutiful "son of England," and also by lavishing on him no end of advice—often, it must be admitted, very good advice too.

"The French," he warned him, "hope to cut off the English from their provisions, and to wear them out in sieges of fortresses and in small actions. The King of England must, therefore, take the greatest care to provide his army with all that is necessary. Want of provisions," he assures his youthful and inexperienced son-in-law, "too often forces armies to place themselves in dangerous positions or to abandon their plans." Especially he begs the King "not to divide his army into small detachments,

but to invade France with a compact body of troops."

At the same time, Ferdinand could not resist the malicious pleasure he evidently took in always "rubbing it in" that Henry's Army, as compared with his own and those of other Continental Powers, was a mere amateur one. "The French," he told him plainly, "are superior to the English in the art of war, and would do them much harm in a series of small engagements." Sometimes, however, he shrewdly enough picked out what seem to be ineradicable defects in our national character, or at any rate, in our conduct of military operations. For instance, he particularly begs Henry "to take care that his soldiers do not entertain too mean an opinion of their enemy," warning him of the danger of their so doing, and assuring him that "such an attitude would inevitably lead to further disasters, owing to the neglect of proper precautions." Several incidents in the subsequent campaign showed that the warning was not unneeded.

Yet Ferdinand, for all his pretended anxiety on Henry's account, was, in a private letter to a friend, written about the middle of June, already chuckling over his "beloved son's" probable speedy discomfiture. "In spite of the powerful army," he wrote, "with which he is threatening to invade France, I

have no great confidence," he declares with complacency, "in any of the enterprizes of the King of England."

But he had reckoned without the King's Almoner, whose influence and transcending abilities he seems, at this period, to have been ignorant of, or at least to have ignored; but to whose genius for organization and administration it was due that his cherished forebodings were soon to be brought to nought.

And not his cherished forebodings for the enterprises of his young son-in-law only; but his most cherished aspirations for his own personal schemes as well. For in Wolsey he was to meet his match —one who could dissect his motives, unravel his trickeries and frustrate his plans: one, who, among all the many marvels of a most marvellous career, was able, with scarcely any previous diplomatic training, to step forward into the troubled and perplexing arena of European politics, and there at once hold his own with the most practical wielders of all the weapons of the diplomatic art. The King of Arragon, who liked to boast that he could deceive and cheat the same dupe three times over—so deep was his astuteness—was soon to find that once was enough for Thomas Wolsey, who, without imitating his perfidy, checkmated, by sheer diplomatic skill, all his plots and wiles. Not much longer was the

crafty father-in-law to be allowed to play unchecked upon the chivalry and artlessness of his gallant young son of England, who had vainly thought to captivate the world by the display of brilliant exploits with unselfish aims.

CHAPTER XIII.

SPIES, CARD-SHARPERS AND GERMAN MERCENARIES.

Margaret of Savoy's Goodwill towards England—The French King's Anger—"Safe under English Arrows"—Warning against Spies—"Shady" Neutrals—Crafty Card-Sharpers—Prosecuted for Cheating—Henry engages German Mercenaries—Their Wages "on the Nail"—The Arch-Mercenary Maximilian—His Daily Wage—Service under Henry VIII—Wears the English King's Badge—His Poses and Theatricalities—His Astonishing Pretensions—German Mercenaries—Ready to Fight on any Side—Good Soldiers—But Detestable Companions-in-Arms—Their Horrible Atrocities—Spanish Complaints of their Ruffianism and "Beastliness"—Their Greediness—French Chivalry to the Enemy—German Barbarities—Cruelties to their Prisoners—Froissart denounces them—"Maudit Soient ils!"

THE Duchess Margaret, though, as we have seen, dutifully, steadily and continuously working in her father's interests, nevertheless showed genuine goodwill all the time towards England and her sovereign; rendering them many a service and some assistance. And she did this in spite of being Regent of the Netherlands, and notwithstanding the fact that those provinces were supposed to be neutral in the war.

Her more than "benevolent neutrality," indeed, was invaluable to Henry, securing, as it did, his

Army invading France from any menace to its left flank or rear.

On account of the part she thus played in helping her father and his allies, she incurred the bitter wrath of Louis XII. He wrote to her vowing vengeance on her nephew's subjects for her breach of neutrality. Her answer was spirited, and contained a taunt showing that the old reputation of the English archers was by no means extinct on the Continent: indeed it had been recently expressed in the saying of De Comines, "Les Anglois sont la fleur des archiers du monde." "Tell the King of France," she said, "he may spit out all his venom and do his worst, for I am safe under the English arrows."

Indeed, her friendliness to England, and to King Henry in particular, was so very marked that she was constantly sending, through the English Ambassador at Malines or Brussels, many valuable hints and suggestions as to what things should be done, and what guarded against, in the preparations for the campaign, and in the prosecution of it.

More than once, for instance, she conveyed warnings against the intriguing and spying that was everywhere rampant—one curious caution "against certain foreigners in London at whose houses she had heard King Henry had been privately dining. His

enemies," she added, "had no consciences"; and she warned him that they were ready, at any time, to make use of the basest means to obtain the betrayal of the confidences of social intercourse—a thing the straightforward young monarch would never himself have suspected.

Later on, in such things, he became cautious and cunning to a fault; but in these earlier days, even with the din of "war work" resounding all about him, he was so imprudent in indulging his passion for play as to admit to his intimacy certain "shady" foreigners—"rank outsiders," though they must have been thought to be by his own "set." It must have been against them that the Duchess Margaret warned him.

Even Hall, whose chronicle is one long pæn of praise of the bluff monarch, admits: "The King this time was much enticed to play, which appetite certain crafty persons about him perceiving, brought in Frenchmen and Lombards, to make wagers with him; and so he lost much money; but when he perceived their craft, he eschewed their company and let them go." But not until after several of these adventurers, whose only recommendation was that they played a good hand at cards, shovelboard or dicing, had accompanied him on his campaign in Picardy and Flanders.

Three of this sort, all foreign adventurers, emboldened by their success in higher social spheres, thought to play their tricks, when over with the Army in Calais, with equal facility on the shrewd merchants of "The Staple." But they were quickly found out and prosecuted "for cheating at cards and dice," in spite of their protestations of innocence and their assertion (which was no doubt true enough) that they "had often played the same games with many noblemen in England"—"people in the very smartest society," as would be said now, who in our times also have had their own experience of this kind of "distinguished foreigner."

The Duchess Margaret, besides showing her personal friendliness towards King Henry, had no small share, by her influence with him, in inducing him to consent to a stipulation in the Holy League, which both the Emperor and King Ferdinand made a great point of. This was the taking by Henry into his service of some 4,000 German mercenaries—"Almayns" as they were called—1,500 of whom were horsemen, over and above those already engaged by him, amounting altogether to 11,000 men, all of whose wages were to be paid direct from the Royal English Treasury.

These men were, in truth, mercenaries of the most unmitigated sort—threatening that if they were not put on the pay-rolls at once on being engaged, they would go over straight to the enemy, and always insisting on getting their wages—8 florins a month—down "on the nail."

This, indeed, was characteristic, as we have seen, of the Arch-Mercenary, the Emperor Maximilian himself, who, besides clamourously insisting on drawing his huge subsidy in advance, and also begging small loans of his generous young ally, had no compunction in entering into the service of the King of England in person, at the daily wage of 100 crowns; which he regularly drew, in good solid English gold, as it became due. This sum, if we are to accept some estimates of the relative value of the crown at that period, would represent something like £1000 now—assuredly not a bad daily "screw," even for a German Emperor.

Maximilian even took pleasure in parading his pretended subservience to King Henry, by appearing in his camp before Thérouanne and Tournay arrayed in a suit of simple black velvet—in mourning for his wife then just dead—"wearing on it the cross of St. George and a Tudor rose, as the King's soldier"; while his attendants, in black cloth, were all similarly invested with the badge of service under

the English King. Further, in all military parades and ceremonies, he would always insist on ostentatiously taking a subordinate position—"declaring publicly that he came to be of use to the King of England, and calling the King at one time 'his Son,' at another 'his King,' and at another 'his Brother.'"

"Son," "King," or "Brother," it was all nothing, of course, but a ridiculous theatrical pose, on the part of the Imperial mountebank. For Maximilian had played many parts in his time; and this was merely a new posture to be assumed by him, who was, everywhere and always, the same attitudinizing sovereign, the same swollen-headed egotist, the same treacherous ally.

Truth to tell, in his duplicity, his bombast, his poses, his theatricalities, his absurd pretentions to divine guidance, his aspirations even for election—he a layman!—to the Popedom, and his delusion that after his death he would be canonized, he bears a very remarkable resemblance to another Teutonic Imperial Personage, whom we have heard something of, now and then, in our own time.

Such was the Chief German Mercenary in Henry VIII's army; and it is clear that he was by no means wanting in that preposterous "geist" which, though seeming so absurd to us ordinary,

plain, down-right Englishmen, evidently strikes the pro-Germans, still gliding snake-like and grubbing mole-like among us, with a foolish, gaping, open-mouthed awe.

Fitting head, indeed, was he to the gang of brutal hirelings, whom King Henry had been reluctantly compelled, by the insistence of both his allies, to enrol under his standard. But he soon had enough of them: and never again, during his reign, were German mercenaries allowed to pollute an English army.

So debased was this "Almayn" breed, that they were ready to fight even against their own countrymen at any time, if it was made worth their while to do so—like the Prussians, in later times, intriguing, and even fighting, against the rest of Germany "for a consideration" from Napoleon.

In fact, they were constantly, in the wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, enlisting on either side indifferently or on both sides at the same time — French, English, Italian, Spanish — when these nations were in arms against each other.

Nevertheless, they were undeniably good soldiers, inured by long and varied service to all the hardships and trials of warfare, armed with the best and most recent type of weapon, and trained in the most modern school of tactics.

On the other hand, as companions in arms they were detestable—often fighting with our men, and sometimes even killing them when in camp or on the march. On one occasion they seized the guns and turned them on the King and his camp; and they were frequently committing many atrocities upon the French, after the usual fashion of German soldiery in all periods of history—for which Henry had several of them promptly strung up on the spot —as we shall see.

Highly significant indeed is it, that the War Correspondent of the English Government with Henry's Army in France, writing on the spot as the official "eye-witness," should have occasion, at least *three times* during the campaign, to condemn the barbarities of the German allies and mercenaries, fighting on the side of the English; and yet *not once* have had reason to blame for anything of the sort the soldiers of France, fighting against them: but, on the contrary, should several times bear witness to their chivalrous conduct in warfare.

How different from the German was always the behaviour of the French and English towards each other! As Froissart, the old chronicler of chivalry records—humane, generous and "moult courtois" to their prisoners. Never may we or our allies be tempted to forfeit that fine, long-time-honoured

tribute by imitating the ruffian Huns, and making cruel reprisals even for such atrocities as theirs.

The English and French experience of the German mercenaries, it should be noted, was by no means exceptional. A Spanish memoir of this very time complains of their "arrogance, ruffianism and *beastliness*, rendering them firebrands and a source of incessant danger among whomsoever they were brought into relation with." He adds that "such is their greediness that any one of them is ready to run the risk of introducing the plague into the ranks of the army in which they are serving, by recklessly entering a village or farmhouse known to be stricken with the disease, simply with the object of stealing a chicken!"

Froissart also, it may be recalled, writing of earlier wars, records that the Germans always kept their prisoners in gaol, like criminals, half-starved and in irons, in order to extort larger ransoms from their heart-wrung mothers and wives—forestalling the cruelties and horrors of Döberitz, Ruhleben and Wittenberg, the devilish malignancies of which have not even such sordid motives to explain them.

"Maudit, soient-ils!" exclaims Froissart, "ce sont gens sans pitié et sans honneur!" Such have they ever been, and such are they still to this day!

"Maudit soient-ils!" Many are the agonized, grief-torn hearts in England as well as in France, maddened by thoughts of the starving and torturing of their dear ones, in which that bitter old-time malediction will find a deep echo to-day!

"Maudit soient-ils!"

CHAPTER XIV.

COMMAND OF THE SEA—TRANSPORTING THE NEW ARMY.

Henry VIII's Letter to the Pope—The Triple Entente—"No Separate Peace"—England's Aim in the War—"Never a Dishonourable Peace"—The Liberties of the Church—To Free Europe from Domination—Rise of England's Naval Power—Command of the Sea—Wolsey's Far-Reaching Imagination—The King's Great Ships—"England's Navy"—Transporting "Wolsey's New Army" to Calais—The Vanguard commanded by the Lord Steward—Retinue of the Master of the Ordnance—Whole Composition of the Vanguard—The King's Summons to the Feudal Lords—The Rear Ward commanded by the Lord Chamberlain—Great Lords and Landowners as "Grand Captains"—A Great Lord's Receipt for his Wages—Horsemen Strangers.

EARLY in the spring, Henry VIII, in order to expound his aims and policy to the new Pope Leo X, who had just succeeded Julius II, indited, exactly a week after the signing of the new treaty, a long and important despatch—doubtless drafted by Wolsey—to Cardinal Bainbridge, the English envoy in Rome.

Beginning by stating that he rejoiced to find that Leo sanctioned the league for the defence of the Church, and had joined it, he went on to say:

"The whole expense and danger of the war will fall upon England—a war kindled in order to defend the Church, and free her from the savage tyranny of the King of France, who is the common enemy of all Christian Princes. Considering the magnitude of my preparations and the vast expense, etc., I cannot think of entertaining any proposition for peace, at all events without the consent of all the parties to the entente—and never to a base and dishonourable one."

This was an allusion to an effort which was being made by the French King to win over the new Pope to a general peace, ostensibly with the object of attacking the Infidels.

"France," continued Henry in his despatch, "has no other object in view except to trample on the Pope and all the potentates of Europe. Cardinal Bainbridge is to tell his Holiness that a great fleet with 12,000 combatants of all arms is already at sea, and that King Henry has 40,000 more, and powerful artillery, with which he intends to invade France in person. He hopes that Leo will follow the example of his predecessor in sanctioning this expedition undertaken for the liberation of the Church. . . . France, as Leo justly says, under colour of peace, may be only seeking to carry out designs against the Church. It will be more

expedient, therefore, to cripple his power, and prevent his ambition for the future."

Henry added that "he wants the Pope to support him with his temporal as well as his spiritual aid. It is impious," adds this loyal and dutiful son of the Church fervently, "to abuse the Pope, the Head of Christendom. The King of Scots had had the audacity to say he would pay no obedience to the Pope if he issued any process against him for breaking the peace with England, using other arrogant expressions after his fashion"—which all seems to have shocked the pious young King very much indeed!

In a draft of a commission to his Ambassador in Arragon Henry reiterates the same contention that "it is reasonable the Pope should give them every assistance, as England has entered upon this war, to its great cost, in defence of his Holiness and all Italy, . . . so that the tyranny of the French king being repressed, all Christian princes will be able to undertake the crusade against the Infidels"—the very same reason the King of France himself gave for the urgency of making peace.

But there is really no reason to suppose that Henry's protestations that he joined the "Holy League" mainly out of concern for the independence of the Papacy, as well as of Europe, were not to a great extent perfectly true and sincere.

It may be noted by the way that the "Holy League" was the first occasion on which England, having allies in a Continental war, rendered them assistance with subsidies as well as by her naval predominance in the northern seas—secured to her for the first time in her history by the great fleet built and fitted out by her enthusiastic young sovereign, led on and encouraged by his sagacious, imperial-minded minister.

Indeed, the importance of the rise of England's sea-power—so suddenly become a paramount factor in her national life, and the real cause and origin of her newly acquired influence amongst the European Powers—was about to be demonstrated in most striking fashion. For having scoured the narrow seas and shut the French fleet up in its harbours, there was held in readiness by England for embarkation in hundreds of small vessels, convoyed by the victorious galleys of Brest, to be flung across the Channel for landing at will either in Brittany, Normandy, Picardy or Flanders, a fully equipped and powerfully armed field force of upwards of 40,000 men.

Can we doubt that it was to Wolsey—at this time the inspirer of Henry's political schemes and the contriver and devisor of his enterprises—can we doubt that it was to the all-embracing

political vision of Wolsey that we owe the first clear perception of all that might be involved for this small island kingdom in that pregnant phrase "the command of the sea"?

May we not see plain proof of this in his eager attention to every detail relating to His Majesty's ships—their tonnage, their speed, their manning—in his unceasing preoccupation with their armament and victualling; in his constant friendly and intimate correspondence with their captains, and especially with the two admirals who in turn commanded them?

And can it be without significance that the building of those fine ships "The Sovereign," the "Mary Rose," the "Gabriel Royal," the "Trinity Sovereign," and the laying down of the "Great Harry" coincided with the rise to power of the "King's Almoner"?

And can it have been only a coincidence that then, for the first time, there was enunciated that principle or axiom on which rested the very groundwork and foundation of all Wolsey's Foreign Policy —avoidance of military enterprises on the Continent and peace and amity with France—the principle that "when we enlarge ourselves, let it be that way we can, and to which Providence hath destined us"—the Sea?

True, no great minister, bent on building up

a mighty fleet for his country's safety and her expanding needs, ever got a better backing from his sovereign than did Wolsey from Henry VIII, who himself, from his earliest youth, seems to have had a true English love for the sea and ships.

But assuredly it was the great minister, with his imaginative genius, clear, bold, far-reaching, lofty, ardent, who conceived the idea, which grew into all that is implied for an Englishman in those two simple words, "England's Navy!"—splendid, heroic service and self-sacrifice, nobly and generously rendered; our island-home inviolate; our liberties and equal justice safeguarded and ever-spreading; world-wide dominions, sea-linked, and freedom-welded, never to be sundered—all drawn together and expressed in those simple, thrilling words—"England's Navy!"

The transporting of the first part of Wolsey's "New Army," which should have been begun in the middle of May, was in effect duly and successfully accomplished at the end of that month. It had been decreed that the Army should, according to military usage, be divided into three Divisions or Army Corps, of roughly 12,000 to 14,000 men each, namely—the "Fore Ward," or "Van," or "Vaunt-Guard"; the "Rear-Ward"; and the "Middle-Ward," or "Battaile." The infantry was directed

to cross mainly from Southampton, and the cavalry from Dover and Sandwich; and it was the "Fore Ward" which first landed at Calais under the command of the Lord Steward the Earl of Shrewsbury.

As to the units which this division was composed of, the documents contain many interesting particulars. One of the most curious, in the Record Office, sets out: "The Retinue of Sir Sampson Norton, Master of the Ordnance," which included, besides ordinary fighting men, a miscellaneous assemblage of clerks, twelve in number, with a "clerk comptroller," and smiths, masons, carpenters, sawyers, gunners, fletchers, purveyors, carters, pioneers, miners, wheelers, bow-string makers, "serpentine shooters and curtow shooters," etc., all in uniform, armed, and liable to be sent into the fighting line; also surgeons and chaplains, making a total of 1079.

Then there was the personal retinue of the Lieutenant-General of the Vanguard, Shrewsbury himself; and the contingents captained by the various great nobles, who had been allotted to that division, with their "petty captains"—the Earl of Derby, for instance, with his 511 retainers, and Sir Rhys Ap Thomas, a great Welsh landowner, and a splendid fighter, who captained no less than 2993. Besides many others who contributed smaller contingents, there were 1050 "hired horse," and on their arrival

in the English pale they were to be joined by 2500 "Almayns," making a total for the "Vanguard" division of just about 10,000 men.

Another interesting contemporary document, in the British Museum, sets down the composition of the whole Vanguard in full detail, giving the name of each "grand captain" or "captain" and of his "petty captain," and the counties which they haled from; and the standards of the leaders borne before them, with their coats-of-arms and badges; and all the colours thereof—affording one a vivid idea of the picturesque aspect of an army on the march in the olden time.

For an example of how the units of the feudal lords were composed we may cite the case of the 115 men required to be found and commanded by Lord Hastings—the King's summons to that peer happening to be preserved. The King, after reminding him that by former letters he had commanded him "to be in readiness with sixty archers and forty billmen apparelled for war," now informs him of the cause of his present military undertaking, which is to proceed against the French King and to observe his treaties with his allies.

Accordingly, "he has appointed the said lord amongst others to pass over in the 'forward' under the Earl of Shrewsbury, Steward of the Household.

He is to have shipping for six horses for himself; two for his captain, one for his petty-captain; two sumpter horses; and one for a chaplain; all to be provided by himself, and to meet at Dover or Sandwyche before the 8th of May next."

It is obvious from this that in those days the ownership of land in England was far from being without its burdens and responsibilities in time of war.

The "Foreward" or "Vanguard" was soon followed by the "Rear Ward" under another Court official, Lord Herbert, afterwards Earl of Worcester, then Lord Chamberlain, whom, it is surprising to hear of as holding, like the Lord Steward, a high military command, associating that office, as we do, with merely ceremonial and decorative functions.

But it was not without reason and significance that the two most responsible positions in the King's new army were entrusted, not to powerful nobles like the Duke of Buckingham, or the Earls of Derby, Northumberland and Kent, but to close intimates of the Sovereign, holding domestic offices about his person. The great lords, however, served in subordinate positions as "Captains," or "Grand Captains," each leading his own "muster:" there being in the "Rear Ward" 25 peers, besides the Lord Chamberlain who himself captained 1067 men;

and besides other landlords, who were not peers, their contingents varying from as many as 519 to only 54; so that altogether the landlords contributed about 6000 men to this division of the army.

As an example of the pay they received, we may cite a receipt, still preserved in the Record Office, of the Earl of Northumberland, "grand captain of his own retinue, to Sir Rob[t] Dymok, treasurer of the King's Rear Ward, for £439 9*s.* 8*d.*—being a month's wages for himself and his retinue."

In addition to the captains and their retinues, the "Rear Ward" included "900 ordnance, 1000 horsemen strangers," and many hundreds of Almayns awaiting them on the other side of the Channel; so that it must have totalled altogether round about 11,000 men.

The Almayn mercenaries, otherwise called Landsknechts or Lansquenets, came through Flanders—by way of Brussels apparently—and joined the English forces at or near Calais, which they reached chiefly by sea from Antwerp, and partly by land through Ghent and Bruges.

CHAPTER XV.

THE MIDDLE OR KING'S WARD—THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD IN "WHITE AND GREEN."

The Middle or King's Ward—Concentrated round Dover—Conveyed to Calais—Four Hundred Transports—Henry's "Great Ships of War Scour every Coast"—Composition of the King's Ward—Retinues of some Great Lords—The King's Own Guard—Wolsey's own Regiment of 200 Fighting Men—Combatant Churchmen—Don't dress up in "white and green"—No Hypocritical Whimperings—No "Superiority of Moral Outlook"—No Impertinences from Canting Pedagogues—The Royal Household Uniformed and Armed—Minstrels and Players in "White and Green"—Total of the Ward 15,000 Men—Wages of Officers and Men—Liveries and Uniforms—"Coat and Conduct Money"—A Great Northern Army—"Malice of the Deceitful Scots"—Their "Olde Prankes."

WOLSEY, having carried out, as we have described, the transportation of the first two divisions of the Army, was next busily engaged with the concentration at Dover and the conveyance thence over to Calais of what was the most important part—the Head Quarters Division in fact—of the "King's New Army Royal." This was the "Middle Ward," or "King's Ward," as it was otherwise called, under the personal command of King Henry himself.

Whilst these operations were in progress, during the last fortnight in June, the King was staying at Dover Castle, making arrangements for the government of the country in his absence, and taking an active personal part, we make no doubt, in all that was going on. And there were not only the movements of his soldiers to interest him, but also those of the transports—400 in number—in the harbour or at anchorage outside, collected together to help in carrying the troops over the Straits.

There, too, were "all the Noble King of England's great ships of war, which had for some weeks been on the sea scouring every coast of his realm," ready to cover and shepherd the transports across; and when that was completed, to bear the precious freight of "the King's Most Royal Person," together with his military staff, his councillors and the officers of his household, over to Calais. Sections of the fleet had already convoyed "the artillery and habiliments of war" in 300 hoys (lighters), purveyed by Sir John Wiltshire, Comptroller of Calais, collected from the ports of Antwerp, Bruges, Dunkirk and Gravelines.

As to the composition of the "Middle Ward"—that is to say, the branches of the military forces of the Crown represented in it; the names of the commanders of the various contingents; the number of

men under each of them; and the pay of officers and men—details are to be found in great fullness in a series of very interesting "War Office" documents among the national archives.

Of the grand captains and captains, with the number of their retinues, we have very precise information furnished by several interesting papers and parchment rolls—among them one especially, now preserved, though in rather a mutiliated condition, in the British Museum, which was carefully revised by Wolsey himself, and shows his corrections and additions in his own hand. The total of fighting men was exactly 9466.

At the head of the list comes the King's chief favourite and boon companion, Sir Charles Brandon, a fortnight before created Viscount Lisle, and in the following year Duke of Suffolk, who afterwards married Henry's sister Mary, widow of Louis XII of France. Brandon's force was the largest of all—900 men. Others were: the Duke of Buckingham, executed for treason in 1521, with 500 men; and the Lord Burgeveny (Abergavenny) and Sir Edward Ponynges, Comptroller of the Household and Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, each the same.

The Lord Darcy, afterwards one of Wolsey's bitterest enemies, and Sir William Compton, Groom of the Stole and of the King's chamber, and one of

his intimate friends, each had retinues of 400 men, and the Lord Willoughby, of 200 men.

Smaller contingents were furnished by others, among whom interesting historically are : Sir Henry Wyatt, father of Sir Thomas Wyatt the poet, 100 men ; Sir Thomas Boleyn and Sir John Seymour—two of Henry VIII's future fathers-in-law, a third, Sir Thomas Parr, being in the Foreward—also 100 each ; and Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote Park, grandfather of Shakespeare's enemy, 50 men.

Then there were 1000 "spearmen," apparently enlisted independently of any of the great landlords ; also "The Banner of the Household, with the company assigned thereto, 800 men" ; and lastly "The King with his own guard of 600 men."

From other documents we learn that Fox Bishop of Winchester as Lord Privy Seal, and Ruthal of Durham as Secretary of State, each captained 100 fighting men, and Wolsey, as "Master Almoner," 200.

But it does not appear that any of these combatant churchmen ever wore, even when at the front, any other garb than their own usual, plain, ecclesiastical one. As to any bishop, who remained in England in his diocese, thinking, on the strength of a week-end jaunt to Calais, of dressing up in "white and green," and thus attired strutting about the

streets of London, or even attending the House of Lords! well—the mere idea of such a thing would have seemed to the people of those times so ridiculous, as not even to be thought of!

And as, on the one hand, none of the clergy—not even the combatant bishops—indulged in any foolish masqueradings in soldiers' uniform, so, on the other hand, never came from their lips, we may be sure, any miserable, hypocritical whimperings about the war being "a punishment from God for the nation's sins"; or about the need for "days of national humiliation"; or any unctuous whinings of that sort.

On the contrary, all their utterances, we make no doubt, were in the same strong, patriotic vein as are those of the overwhelming majority of the clergy now, about the greater war of to-day, and its causes and issues. Nor would a single one of them, we may be sure, have so disgraced his cloth as to affect a singularity of attitude of this sort, which, in the pharisaical complacency of his own mind, might make him stand out, as exhibiting "a superiority of moral outlook" over the rest of his fellow-clerics and countrymen.

Nor, we may be equally sure, would there have been found throughout the length and breadth of the land in those days, one single reverend school-

master, who, adopting towards his King and country a canting, pedagogic tone of that sort, should have had the impertinence to lecture them on the superior merits of their foes, and the duty of giving up, say, Jersey, as a sign of penitence. Had there been such a one, we may be no less sure, that he would himself have had a lesson given him harder than any he himself had ever taught; and have got a bigger whipping than he had ever given to any little boy, which he would have remembered to the last day of his life.

Passing from the purely military components of the King's Ward, there were many semi-civilian officials accompanying the King, representative of, and in some cases the whole staff of, every department of the State, as well as the whole of the Royal Household. They were, most of them, "in white and green," and being armed and ready to fight, had probably as good reason to wear the King's uniform as many a man in our day to be seen in Whitehall or Pall Mall, who, though a mere civilian doing purely civilian work, has managed "to get into khaki."

Among many such were the "Grooms and Pages of the Privy Chamber," the "Knights and Squires of the Body," "the Clerk of the Council," the "Gentlemen Ushers and Sewers"; even the King's

Latin Secretary, Andrea Ammonius—with his four assistants — who wrote to his friend and correspondent, Erasmus, "ludicrous accounts of his life in camp"; also the "King's luter," or lutanist, Peter de Brescia (Carmelianus), "whose bad taste and false quantities furnished endless jokes" for the great humanist; and even the "King's minstrels and players" to the number of ten—all in the Royal uniform or livery of "white and green." The "Priests and Singers of the King's Chapel," who numbered 115, wore, of course, only their clerical garb, with perhaps a white and green baldrick.

By these additions of the civilian establishments and the King's personal suite, the total of his "ward" was swelled to 14,032 men—apart, apparently, from several contingents not enumerated when the lists were drawn up, and irrespective, it would seem, of the units, which had already crossed the Channel in advance—the pioneers, gunners, and "spears on horseback"; likewise, of course, the Almayn mercenaries, who joined up with the main body soon after its landing at Calais. These made the grand total up to 15,000—the precise number at which Henry himself put his own "ward" in a letter he wrote from Dover the day before he crossed the Channel.

We may here note what was the pay—or

"wages," as the expression then was—allowed to the officers and men, in all three "wards" of the New Army. The "grand captains"—that is, the greater landowners who contributed contingents of many hundreds of men—received for themselves 6*s.* 8*d.* a day; for their captains, 4*s.*; and for each petty captain, 2*s.* a day.

Common soldiers, including carters, gunners, and "men assigned to carriages and horses," were paid 6*d.* a day. But archers, master gunners, "ordnance men," loaders, pioneers, and yeomen carters, were paid 8*d.* a day; and likewise skilled artizans, such as wheelwrights, carpenters, and smiths, the same; whereas "demi-lances" received 9*d.*, and "spears" as much as 1*s.* 6*d.* a day. Eightpence a day, on the other hand, were the wages of the surgeons, as we have already noted on an earlier page, and of the chaplains, as well as of the foreign mercenaries—Almayns, Burgundians and Picards.

As to the uniforms or liveries worn: the captains were each given by the King a "coat" of green and white damask for themselves; and for their petty captains a similarly coloured coat of "camlet" (a stuff half silk, woven in with camel's or goat's hair, and later with wool), while for each of the rank and file of the "New Army" they received from His Grace's Exchequer 4*s.* for a

"coat of good woolen cloth." These "coats"—of course of white and green—were, it would seem, worn over the ordinary "harness" or livery of the lord or captain, which was apparently furnished by him to his retinue, and which cost from 8*s.* to 11*s.* the suit for each man.

Payment was also made by the Crown at the rate of 6*d.* a day, or 1½*d.* a mile, for "conduct money"—that is, marching expense for each man joining his regiment or returning home.

Such was the composition and internal economy of the Middle Ward mustered in and about Dover ready to pass over to Calais, under the personal command of the King of England, to make war on his cousin Louis, "King of the French," as Henry liked to call him, in contradistinction to himself as the real and true "King of France"—in spite of his father-in-law's sneer, who striking the words out of the draft of the treaty submitted to him, said: "the title, 'King of France,' without the possession of France is an empty phrase."

It can well be imagined that the gathering together and marshalling of so huge and miscellaneous a collection of men and material, considering the slow and difficult transport and communication of those times, and the sheltering and feeding of large numbers in the narrow limits and outskirts of a

small mediæval fortified town—in addition to the victualling of 25,000 men on the other side of the Channel—must have taxed to the utmost the organizing ability of Wolsey, who was supremely responsible to his exacting master for the smooth running of the whole military machine. Yet every man in the great force was in his place, every article of arms or ammunition ready at hand, and everything moving like clockwork and without a hitch.

Moreover, in addition to this main army, we must bear in mind that there was also a "Northern Army" of some 30,000 men, retained in England to guard the border "against the malice of the deceitful Scots," as the old English chronicler puts it, who, he declares, were at their "old prankes" again, ever ready, on any pretext, when the English were fighting abroad, to invade a friendly kingdom, with which they pretended to be at peace.

This army, under the command of the old Earl of Surrey, then seventy years of age, soon after won the Battle of Flodden, where James IV of Scotland was killed. In the quality of the men and their training, it was an army quite equal to the greater one, which crossed over to France; though not in organization or equipment.

CHAPTER XVI.

FOREIGN IMPRESSIONS OF THE NEW ARMY AND ITS KING.

Letters of Venetian Merchants in London—A Total of Sixty Thousand Combatants—"Men who resemble Giants"—"Choicer Troops not seen for Years"—"Cannon fit to Conquer Hell!"—High Quality and Lofty Character of the New Army—Of the Temper and Spirit of the "New Model" and "Kitchener's Men"—"To Battle as to a Sport or Game"—Pasqualigo's Intimate Knowledge of England and the English—His Enthusiastic Comments—Tavern Gossip—"Our King Harry is going to Paris"—"Will be crowned King of France"—General Admiration for Henry—His Courage—"Handsomest Potentate ever seen"—Not what "Henry the Eighth" calls up to us—An Ideal "Prince Charming"—Hall's Glowing Panegyric—The Richness and Splendour of the King and his Nobles—The Soldiers all Picked Men.

FOR the deep impression made on foreigners by Henry's grand army—so admirably drilled, so wonderfully weaponed, so splendidly equipped and so generously provided—we have valuable and independent testimony in the despatches of the foreign agents at the Court of Westminster, besides the private letters of several Venetian merchants trading in London.

One of these last, the already mentioned Antonio

Bavarin, the factor of the Pisaro firm, writing to his principals the Pisari in Venice, estimated "the Vanguard under the Lord Steward" at 16,000 men; "the Rear-Ward under the Lord Chamberlain" at 14,000 men; and "the King's Ward" at 12,000 men—not including "Burgundians, Picards, Germans, and Switzers," already collected in and near the English pale, "to the number of 20,000," "which will raise the total," he said, "at the disposal of the King of England to some 60,000 combatants"—"men," he says elsewhere, "who resemble giants."

"Choicer troops," he adds, "in more perfect order, have not been seen for years. Amongst them are from 9,000 to 10,000 heavy barbed cavalry and 8,000 light horse; the infantry includes 14,000 archers, and there are 2,000 mounted bowmen."

In another letter he speaks of "6,000 halberdiers, and also 12,000 men armed with a weapon never seen until now—six feet in length, surmounted by a ball with six steel spikes. They have much ordnance and other innumerable appliances." In his first quoted letter he adds: "Others have long spears, halberts and axes; and cannon that would suffice to conquer Hell!"

Another Italian, of uncertain name, but probably di Favri, writing during the campaign, pays this high tribute to the quality and character of the

English army: "They are efficient troops, well accoutred—not bare-footed like those of Italy—men who did not go to rob, but to gain honour, and who marched at their own cost"—meaning thereby, apparently, that they did not maintain themselves in the enemy's country by pillage and robbery, but with their own supplies. "They did not take wenches with them; and they are not profane swearers, like our soldiers. Indeed there were few who failed to recite daily the office of Our Lady's rosary."

In essence and in temper, it is clear, Henry's New Army was of the same type as those of the two Edwards and of Henry V; in spirit the same as Cromwell's "Ironsides," the "New Model Men"; and "Kitchener's Men"—men whom every fresh atrocity of Prussian "frightfulness" sent flocking to the colours, of their own free will, in their hundreds of thousands, urged on by hatred of injustice and cruelty, and inspired with a high and noble resolve to vindicate the cause of human right and freedom—going forth with that gay, joyous spirit, which made a foreign observer, in 1513, declare that English soldiers "went into battle, as though they were going to a sport or game."

A very similar account of Henry's New Army was given by Lorenzo Pasqualigo, another Venetian

merchant settled in London, where he had already resided some fourteen years, where he acted as Venetian consul, and where he eventually amassed a very large fortune by the trade he carried on between England and his native city.

Writing about this time to his brothers Alvise and Francesco in the city of canals—in the course of a continuous correspondence, fortunately preserved to us, which he kept up for many years, and in which he exhibits much acuteness of observation, a remarkable knowledge of English public and private affairs, and a rare insight into the workings of the English mind—he says: "I am of opinion that the French will not dare to show themselves, as the English would give them the worst of it—as is their wont. The King says he will cross with as great power as any of his predecessors, and with such pomp and outlay of money, of which he has no lack, that the like was never seen."

And Pasqualigo knew, if anybody did, besides Wolsey, what King Henry's aspirations were; for he had a friend at court in the person of "William," the King's valet, or gentleman usher, to whom Henry would talk freely, in his easy genial way, while William was dressing him.

Then, after referring to the 10,000 lansquenets and men-at-arms on horseback, whom the King was

obtaining from the province of Hainault and from Germany, and who were already on the march, he goes on: "The King is making such great provision for the war that it is a marvel; and it is said that he will go to Paris."

In fact, the gossips in the taverns of London were already boasting that their gallant young King Harry was going to emulate the famous gestes of his heroic ancestor, the fifth of that name, and that "he intended to go straight to the French capital there to be crowned King of France"—"which I heartily hope he will," says Pasqualigo, who thoroughly identified himself with English sentiment, sharing all the enthusiasm of the people for their chivalrous young monarch, and their pride in his great army. Indeed, so carried away was he by the war-fever, then rampant in London, and his own ardent admiration for Henry, that he went so far as to declare: "He is the true King of France, and deservedly so, for within the last 1000 years there has never been a King more noble and more valiant. His courage is extreme; and may God save him, and give him victory and happiness for his perfect comportments."

All the Pasqualigi, indeed, were enthusiastic admirers of the King in every way. A brother of Lorenzo's in a letter, written a little later, declares:

"His Majesty, is the handsomest potentate I ever set eyes on. He is above the usual height, with an extremely fine calf to his leg; his complexion very fair and bright, with auburn hair; and a round face, so very beautiful that it would become a pretty woman, his throat being rather long and thick."

And they were not alone in their laudation. "Love for the King," writes another Venetian about the same time, "is universal with all who see him; for his Highness does not seem a person of this world, but one descended from Heaven." This, and much more, was not flattery meant for Henry's eye or ear, but private information sent home by shrewd and critical foreign diplomats and merchants.

The fact is that we in these days have some difficulty in imagining how the King appeared to his contemporaries in his earlier years—standing forth to lead to victory the mightiest army that had ever left these shores—we, to whom the words "Henry the Eighth" suggest the idea of a cruel, ungrateful tyrant, sending his most faithful servants to the block; ruthlessly slaying his noblest subjects; torturing and slaughtering monks and nuns; burning heretics and murdering his wives.

To us that name calls up not the vision of a young hero, handsome, graceful and chivalrous; but the figure of an elderly man, gorgeously attired and

ostentatiously bejewelled, heavy in frame and broad-shouldered, standing with arms a-kimbo and fat legs apart, with podgy hands, a bull neck and a face massive, not to say bloated—all denoting vigour and power indeed, but latent ferocity and cunning still more.

Yet we must remember that to all those who beheld him in his youth—not to his own people only—he stood forth as the "beau idéal" of a Prince Charming—noble, generous, frank, gay; hasty, perhaps, but withal essentially good tempered and debonair; expert in all chivalrous and martial contests; skilled in every manly sport or game; and with all those bright qualities of mind and heart expressed, almost idealized, in his own person—a figure tall, strong and commanding—"the earth seems to shake under him when he moves," writes an attaché at the Venetian Embassy in London in this very year 1513—yet active, supple and graceful as well.

Hear, for instance, the tribute paid him a few years later by Gustiniani, the Venetian Ambassador, in a secret memoir to the Doge and Seignory: "His Majesty is extremely handsome. Nature could not have done more for him. He is much handsomer than any other sovereign in Christendom; a great deal handsomer than the King of France

(Francis I.); very fair, and his whole frame admirably proportioned."

Evidently there was a good deal more than a mere semblance of truth, and something beyond patriotic adulation in Hall's panegyric on his hero, which now sounds so extravagant to us. "The features of his body," he exclaims, "his goodly personage, his amiable visage, princely countenance and the noble qualities of his Royal estate, to every man knowen, needeth no rehearsal, considering that for lack of cunning I cannot express the gifts of grace and of nature that God hath endowed him withal."

No wonder that he—"the moste goodliest Prince that ever reigned over this Realme of Englande"—was at this period idolized by all: the more so that, when taking supreme command of his Army, everything was done to strike the imagination of his people, and, at the same time, impress the minds of foreign observers, by the parade of martial power and glory, and by that pomp and splendour of pageantry, which Wolsey—past master as he was in the art of spectacular organization, directed to the presenting of ordinary incidents in a dramatic form—knew so well how to set forth. Especially did the wealth and magnificence of the King and his nobles, the "grand captains" of the New Army, amaze foreigners.

"The valuables they take with them," declared Bavarin, "are incredible. The housings of the King's charger and the jewels around its head-piece are alone worth 15,000 crowns! Never has a finer sight been seen." And—inveterate sightseer, as we know him to have been—he had evidently beheld it all with his own eyes: describing in another letter "the King's fourteen good-conditioned horses, with housings of the richest cloth of gold and crimson velvet, with silver-gilt bells of great value, and so much other costly trappings it would take too long to describe."

Again, in a letter, written after the Army had all crossed the Channel, he says: "The King has fourteen waggons with him loaded with money—two millions of gold and four waggons of silver coin—facts which sound like romance, but which are nevertheless true. The King has also other innumerable riches."

And the King was far from being alone in his wealth and magnificence. Thus does Hall describe, with all his usual gusto and in a tone of rhapsody as of an inspired tailor, altogether excelling any modern descriptive reporting, the richness and brilliancy of the dress and trappings of the "grand captains," who added to the glory and splendour of their King when going with him, at the opening of

the campaign, to visit the Emperor Maximilian in his camp at Aire on the river Lys.

"The noblemen of the King's camp were gorgeously apparelled, their coursers barded of cloth of gold, of damask and broderie, their apparel all tissue cloth of gold and silver, and goldsmith's work, great chains of baldericks of gold and bells of bullion; but in especial the Duke of Buckingham. He was in purple satin, his apparel and his barde full of antelopes and swans of fine gold bullion and full of spangles and little bells of gold, marvellously costly and pleasant to behold."

The King's own apparel, varied to suit each separate occasion, we shall describe a little later on.

Such profusion of gorgeous garments and trappings—of cloth of gold and of silver; of silks and satins; of "goldsmith's work" and jewels—cost the great nobles immense sums of money. Still more so the King, whose personal suite were even more superbly clad; so that his expenditure in 1513 alone, for such things, including spangles, chains, buttons, aiglettes and embroidery for his henchmen and others of his attendants, amounted, in modern equivalents, to tens of thousands of pounds.

To us, in our more prosaic days of drab utility, such splendid extravagance is apt to seem rather foolish; and strangely out of keeping as part of the

Royal equipment for a great war. But it was an age of chivalry, when such things counted for much. Even a great war was something of a tournament on a grand scale; and a pitched battle often little more than a series of encounters between the "retinue" of this "captain" and the "gens d'armes" of that "capitaine." During this very war of 1513, in the skirmishes around Thérouanne, French Chevaliers and English Knights challenged one another to single combat, their followers sometimes doing little more than looking on in admiration. In fighting of this sort the glamour of splendid panoply was no small element in sustaining the "haulte courage" of the combatants.

It likewise served another purpose. For it was a mode of advertisement for the enlightment of foreigners, as well as of the King's subjects, telling them, in the most striking fashion, of his power and splendour and glory; of his grand army and his long purse; in an age in which news of such things was almost entirely conveyed from mouth to mouth —until they glowed and glistened in the imagination of those who were far distant from the scene. The method was different, but the object was the same as our recruiting meetings and posters; newspaper articles and advertisements of Government securities; photographs and films of soldiers in the trenches.

Evidence of this we have already given : and there is more.

On the eve of the King's departure for Calais, Pasqualigo writes again to his brothers, still in the same tone of enthusiasm :—" King Henry's army will amount in all to some 50,000 or 60,000 men, as well supplied with arms and artillery as any army ever has been. On the other side of the channel they have also 2,500 steel-clad cavalry (from the Province of Hainault), and also German troops. The Army marches with all possible pomp and the greatest courage. It is believed the French will not wait for them in the field."

A report in a like strain was made by Badoer to the Doge and Signory. After telling how 25,000 men had already been transported to France, he proceeds : " The troops abroad landed at Calais are all picked men, armed with corselets (body-armour), bracelets (arm armour), sallets (helmets) and gorgets (throat armour), and over their armour a coat of white and green—the King's colours."

Testimony such as has been recited above, so precise and consistent, coming independently from several impartial and even critical observers of great experience and shrewdness, is conclusive—confirming as it does the evidence of our own original State papers—as to the size, the completeness, and the high efficiency of King Henry's military forces.

And this gigantic and incomparable instrument of war had been forged by the genius of an obscure cleric for his Royal master in less than six months!

How thoroughly it was adapted for what it was designed, and how effectively it stood the test of battle, we have briefly indicated at the beginning of this book, in our summary of its achievements, which we will give a fuller outline of shortly.

How thoroughly, also, it was provided with all those needful adjuncts, without which the mightiest army may easily be paralyzed, the greatest genius in military leadership rendered useless, the most heroic courage thrown away, we have already set out.

That it did not accomplish more was due to causes independent of, and in no way reflecting on, its efficiency as a fighting force. Henry VIII's New Army, like most armies, was an instrument of statecraft, capable of exerting as much influence on events and as much pressure on individuals, in the domain of international politics, by its mere existence —if astutely used—as when victorious in the field.

Had Wolsey and his master sought military glory for its own sake, and had they really aspired, then or at any time, to make great conquests, and to seek extended dominions on the Continent, the Army which the great minister had fashioned, might have overrun half northern Europe—and overturned the Tudor throne in doing so. They had other aims:

partly, it is true, military prestige—then as always no such mere empty phrase as some would have us believe—partly aims chivalrous and almost idealistic ; but mainly the plain practical one of resistance to the predominance of any one Power on the Continent of Europe, which infallibly would lead to the destruction of the liberties of Europe, and as infallibly end in being fatal to the independence of these islands.

People spoke of "Christendom" and "the rights of Princes" then : we talk of "Europe" and the "rights of nations" now. But the issue is in essence the same : and Wolsey—while the creaking structure of the mediæval world was crumbling away to give place to the modern—was the first English statesman to apprehend its vital importance to the future of his own island country.

Forseeing the need, he, with his penetrating insight, quickly conceived the means whereby the King of England should be able to hold the balance —nothing less than the Balance of Power in Europe —and to turn the scale against the aggressor—whoever he might be—as the common enemy of all the Christian States of Christian Europe.

The means he sought and won were—adequate land forces and a predominant Navy. How he achieved his purpose we have already endeavoured to show.

CHAPTER XVII.

HENRY VIII'S ARRIVAL AT CALAIS.

King Henry embarks at Dover—"A Goodly Passage"—An Official "Eye-Witness" War Correspondent—His Valuable Diary in the British Museum—Salutes from Ships and Fortifications—The King enters Calais Haven—Lands, from a Boat, on the Quay—Received by the Clergy in Procession—Henry's Striking Appearance—In Glittering Armour and Cloth of Gold—The King's Henchmen—He passes beneath the "Lantern Gate"—A Splendid Cavalcade—Wending their Way along the Streets—Welcome from the Townsmen—Through the Market Place—Merchants of the Staple honour their King—Henry enters St. Nicholas's Church—His Offerings and Thanksgivings—The Glamour of a "Holy War."

KING Henry, as we have already related in a previous chapter, was staying with Queen Katherine at Dover Castle, while the mustering of the contingents composing the Middle Ward was going on in the camp round the town; and while they were being transported across the Channel. After a little further delay, waiting for a favourable wind, "the King," says Hall, "took leave of the Queen and of the ladies, which made such sorrow for the departing of their Lords and husbands, that it was great dolor to behold."

Of the actual embarkation of the King in the harbour, on the last day of June, and of the vessel he was borne in, we can find no surviving details. But we know that he, with his immediate staff, ministers and attendants, went on board one of those recently built great galleys, which had won so much renown in the sea-fights off Brest and in the western channel, and of which Henry and Wolsey, the real founders of our English navy, were so justly proud.

Equally certain may we be that as the great ship, which bore him—perhaps the "Trinity Sovereign"—weighed anchor and, convoyed by the whole fleet, slowly and majestically moved out of Dover harbour, he stood on deck, a prominent object in the eyes of his loyal lieges enthusiastically cheering on the quay.

Thus he did seven years later, when he embarked at the same spot for the Field of the Cloth of Gold—an incident commemorated in the curious picture painted for him at the time, ever since preserved in the Royal collection, and now hanging in the State Rooms of Hampton Court. Invaluable as a record of the appearance of the great warships of Henry VIII's Grand Fleet, it may be taken as an almost identical representation of his embarkation of June 1513.

The wind which Henry had been waiting for,

and which had blown a gale from the north the whole day before—"with continued rain towards evening"—must still have been blowing a stiffish breeze, having veered perhaps somewhat to westward, when the King's great ships sailed out into the Channel. "For the wind was so," says Hall, "that they were brought even on the coast of Picardy, open upon St. John's Road"—a longish way out of their course—though the King is reported to have had "a goodly passage." "With the flood they haled along the coast of Whitsand (Wissant—halfway between Cap Grisnez and Cap Blanc Nez, about ten miles from Boulogne and the same from Calais), with trumpets blowing and guns shooting, to the great fear of them of Boulogne, which plainly might behold this passage; and so they came to Calais haven."

King Henry's arrival, which took place at seven o'clock—about an hour and a half before sunset—was witnessed from the walls of the town by John Taylor, who was Clerk of the Parliaments, and one of the King's chaplains, and who, acted as a sort of official reporter or "war correspondent," throughout the whole of the campaign. He records in his very curious and interesting diary, preserved in the British Museum, that "as the fleet—such as Neptune never saw before—approached the harbour it was

saluted with such firing of guns from the ships and from the towers of the fortifications you would have thought the world was coming to an end." Hall, too, says: "To tell of the gun-shot of the town and of the ships at the King's landing it was a great wonder, for men of good estimation reported that they heard it at Dover."

"The King," continues Hall—ever a faithful recorder of those little circumstances, which so greatly aid one in trying to form a vivid imaginative picture of historic scenes, and which, though they may be trivial enough, yet serve to invest the past with something of the charm and interest of romance —"The King," he says, "was received into a boat covered with arras, and so was set on land."

"He was apparelled in Almain rivet (flexible armour of overlapping plates sliding on rivets) crested, and his vanbrace (armour for the front of the arm) of the same; on his head a 'chapeau montabyn' (a casque of polished steel, of the exact shape as now worn by the *poilus*), with a rich coronal; the fold of the chapeau was lined with crimson satin, and on that a rich brooch with the image of Saint George. Over his rivet he had a garment of white cloth of gold with a red cross; and so he was received with procession and with his deputy of Calais, called Sir Gilbert Talbot, and all other nobles and gentle-

men of the town and country; and so entered in at the Lantern Gate, and passed the streets till he came to Saint Nicholas's Church."

So writes our picturesque chronicler, who must have derived his information from hearsay or some documents not available to us. His account is confirmed and amplified by Taylor, who being a spectator in the streets must himself have seen the King pass by, with Wolsey by his side, in plain cassock, riding on his mule—as we may see him now in the picture of "The Field of the Cloth of Gold."

The procession of the clergy of the town went before him, doubtless in their richest copes and vestments, headed by a sub-deacon bearing the processional cross, and preceded by the choir in red cassocks and surplices, chanting psalms or anthems, and by acolytes holding tapers and lanterned candles, and swinging silver censers.

Closely attendant on the King on this occasion would be his nine henchmen, bearing his "pieces of harness, every one mounted on a great courser," one with his helmet, another with his spear, another with his axe, and so on; so that "every one had some thing belonging to a man of arms." Their apparel was superb—"white cloth of gold and crimson cloth of gold, richly embroidered with gold-

smith's work; the trappers of the coursers were *mantell harness coulpened*"—which, whatever it may mean, certainly has a sort of mysterious picturesqueness about it—"and in every vent a long bell of gold bullion, which trappers were very rich."

Thus did the splendid cavalcade of intermingled ecclesiastics, councillors, soldiers, ministers and officials pass from the quay through the "Lantern Gate"—then the principal entrance to the fortress, with a "lantern" above it, serving as a beacon for ships making for the port. Standing somewhat to the rear of the spot where now stands the gate built by Richelieu in 1625, it was finally demolished in 1895. It will, however, always be remembered by Hogarth's picture, now in the National Gallery, and the well-known engravings therefrom.

Then the procession wended its way along the old streets, thronged by the towns-people, mostly descendants of the English colonists planted there by Edward III, mainly from Kent, a hundred and sixty-six years before, offering their respectful but enthusiastic homage to their mighty lord and master on his setting foot in his great fortress of the English pale, and taking formal possession of his "Key to France."

And as he progressed along the narrow, crowded streets, gay with coloured stuffs and costly tapestries

hung out on the walls of the overarching-gabled houses, the kerchiefs of many a fair daughter of the rich merchants of the "Staple" must have waved from the windows a joyous welcome to the young monarch riding below on his superbly caparisoned charger, resplendent in his suit of glittering "Almain rivet," his coat of cloth of gold, his shining "chapeau montabyn," (made at Montauban), with its coronal studded with precious gems.

Men, indeed, as well as women, must have gazed on him with awe and admiration. For their loyalty and curiosity had been excited to the highest pitch by the glowing descriptions of him given by the thousands of men "in white and green," who for weeks had been continuously landing and passing in endless streams through the town on their way to the front. And now, here, before their very eyes, was he, their King, with the heads of his splendid Army: he, who was to lead the whole mighty host to victory against their ever-threatening neighbours and dreaded enemies—the French.

Small wonder then if the good people of Calais had looked forward with eager loyalty to the great day of the coming of the King into their midst. And assuredly the reality did not fall short of their expectation, when that "goodly personage" with his "amiable visage" and "princely countenance" burst

upon their view, riding forth from under the arch of the Lantern Gate, the central figure in the splendid throng, attired as we have already described him, into "Lantern Gate Street" (now Rue de la Cloche), through that into the "Market Place" (now Place d'Armes), past the Town Hall and the old "Staple Hall"; where now stands part of the modern Hotel de Ville, behind which still rises the lofty Watch-Tower—"La Tour du Guet"—dating from 1214.

In front of the "Staple Hall"—which was a very beautiful structure, somewhat in the style of the now Hun-destroyed Cloth Hall of Ypres—were drawn up, in accordance with custom when their Sovereign came to visit his continental fortress, "the Mayor and Merchants of the Staple, well apparelled," to greet his Majesty. From the Market Place the procession turned off westward into "St. Nicholas Street" (now Rue de la Citadelle) —the middle of the three arteries of the town running east and west—along which it went until it reached the great church of St. Nicholas, which was situated at the west end of the town just where the Rue de la Citadelle now terminates, and stood in the midst of its own churchyard.

Unfortunately that ancient edifice, one of the most interesting, historically, in old Calais—especially to English people—has long since ceased to exist.

It had been built during the English occupation—in the latter end of the fourteenth century, and consequently in the early Perpendicular style—and it vied with, if it did not surpass, in size, beauty and splendour, the church of "Our Lady"—the still remaining Notre Dâme, in the eastern quarter of the fortress, mainly dating from an earlier period. It was in 1564, that is six years after the reconquest of Calais by the French under the Duc de Guise, that the old church of St. Nicholas, with all its records, tombs and memorials of the English masters of the Pale, was swept away. Its site was eventually covered by the eastern portion of the citadelle, built by order of Richelieu in 1625, which still stands to-day.

Arriving at the great western entrance of the church, just as the day was waning, Henry and the whole procession entered in; and the King "there alighted and offered," that is, he made offerings of thanksgiving—money to the church and its clergy, and prayers to God and His saints—for the safe passage of himself and his Army across the perilous seas, dedicating both to the service of the Almighty and of His Church, in the great enterprise he was entering on in vindication of the rights of the Holy See against the sacrilegious insolence of Louis XII.

By the solemn service in St. Nicholas's, and by

such acts of thanksgiving and piety as we have recounted, Henry undoubtedly sought to sanctify himself and his purpose in the eyes of all men, and to impress the whole Christian world with the chivalrous and heroic, not to say sacred character, of his expedition to France, and to invest it with something of the glamour of that very old, but ever new, pretence—a Holy War.

And there, kneeling before the altar of St. Nicholas, with his great minister by his side, we will leave him.

CHAPTER XVIII.

OUTLINES OF THE CAMPAIGN.

Wolsey's Functions at the Front — Corresponds with Queen Katherine—"An Obstinate Man who rules Everything"—Henry and his Soldiers on the March—Germans indulge in a little "Kultur"—Henry hangs Three of Them — Arrival before Thérouanne — Mutineering Mercenaries—The King of England's "Apostles" begin to preach—The Battle of Spurs—The Chevalier Bayard made Prisoner—Chivalrous Courtesies between French and English—Old France and the New France—Fall of Thérouanne—Its Marvellous System of Trenches—Intended Use of Poisonous Gas—Fortifications blown up and levelled—More Hun "Frightfulness"—King Henry's March to Lille — His Triumphal Entry — Siege of Tournay — Its Surrender—Wolsey builds Miles of Huts for the Army—Too Generous Tommy Atkins—End of the Campaign—Henry and his Army return to England.

ON the circumstances and details of the campaign that ensued soon after Henry's arrival in Calais—interesting and curious though they are—we have not space to enter now. With the landing of the "New Army" in France some of Wolsey's functions came to an end; others became less important, or at any rate less prominent; though he continued as active as ever in the organization of commissariat and the supply of military stores of all sorts.

Strategy and Tactics he wisely left to trained, practical soldiers—so far as there were any among those in command. Moreover, as Captain of 200 fighting men, he had his own small part to play in active service; though whether he was ever actually under fire is not recorded.

But he was ever by King Henry's side, as confidential adviser and universal minister—especially in diplomatic negotiations with the allies—exercising a general administrative control over everything. So much so, that one of the Duchess Margaret's emissaries—a sort of military attaché, who met Wolsey before Thérouanne—complained of him as "an obstinate man who rules everything"—one, in fact, who would not mould his policy and schemes, and sacrifice his master's interests, just to suit the game of his Imperial ally.

And throughout the whole campaign he was constantly writing to Katherine of Arragon, giving her a full report of everything that happened, and what the King did, and how he was—which the Queen was deeply anxious about.

He was, of course, a near witness, too, of all the incidents of the campaign—some of which have such a strange interest for us at the present time. He was probably with the King when, on the first night of their march out from Calais a

storm having overturned the tents and drenched the men, Henry, "not putting off his clothes, rode round at 3 o'clock in the morning comforting the soldiers, saying, 'Well, boys, now that we have suffered in the beginning, fortune promises us better things, God willing!'"

He must also have been advising the King a few days later when, on entering French territory and occupying the frontier fortress of Ardres, "some citadels were mischievously burned by his Almayns, who," records Taylor, "*did not respect even the churches.*" Henry, who had no idea of the sanctity of his cause being degraded by sacrilege, or his high reputation for chivalry being sullied by "frightfulness," by any soldiers fighting under his standard, even though they were German mercenaries acting as usual after their kind, promptly, says our reporting eyewitness, "had three of them hanged that night."

A little later on, when "an affray, in which many were killed on both sides," took place between the English and the Germans in the King's pay, and when the mutineering mercenaries seized the guns and turned them on Henry and his staff, Wolsey must have been by his master's side at that most thrilling moment. The trouble was quelled, we are told, by the tact of the English officers; but

that it should have arisen we cannot be surprised, knowing what the English soldier has ever been, and what the unchanging Boche is, and always has been, in all periods of his history.

These three incidents we have on the authority of the same eyewitness, whose minute record is an admirable specimen of war correspondence and descriptive reporting.

Wolsey must have been with the King too when he arrived before Thérouanne—then the principal fortress in the north of France, and the main obstacle barring the progress of a hostile army advancing into the interior of the country towards Paris—when the King's or Middle Ward joined the two other divisions, the Vanguard and Rear Ward, in the investment and siege of the town.

"Master-Almoner" must have witnessed the boyish delight of his young sovereign, when his Grace's eleven "apostles" began to preach in tones of thunder to the beleaguered garrison.

Again he must have been by Henry's side during the "Battle of Spurs"—with his own 200 men, perhaps, in action—when a large French force, mainly consisting of cavalry, coming to revictual the great stronghold, was defeated, and the Duc de Longueville, a cousin of the King of France, many other great French nobles, and above all the Chevalier

Bayard were taken prisoners; much matériel also falling into the King of England's hands. He may have been present when Henry received "Le bon Chevalier" in a most gracious and affectionate manner, "embracing him as if he had been a prince," commending his superb gallantry and his renowned chivalry; while pleasantly chaffing him in a friendly manner about the precipitate retreat of his countrymen, saying, "Jamais n'avoit veu gens si bien fuyr." To this Bayard replied: "Sur mon âme la gendarmerie de France n'en doit aucunement estre blasmée car ilz avoient expres commandement de leurs capitaines de ne combattre point."

Of this interview and the mutual exchange of chivalrous courtesies, ending in Henry's treating "Le Bon Chevalier sans Paour et sans Reproche" as a guest of the highest distinction, and setting him free on his parole, we have three distinct charming accounts in that delightful old French, which breathes the very spirit of old France—and the very spirit of that new France of "L'union Sacrée," whose heroism has helped so much to rouse England to play a part worthy of her own great past in the new Crusade.

Wolsey must also have been by Henry's side when, after the fall of Thérouanne, they examined the wonderful system of deep trenches with cross

galleries by which it was defended, "made with timber and earth," disguised by being "gaily wooded upon the banks and bushed with quickset in every corner, . . . and in certain places of the said trenches sundry deep pits for to have made *fumigations*, to the intent that men upon the assaulting of the same should have been *poisoned and stopped*."

Thus wrote one of the Welsh officers, encamped before Thérouanne, to a patron or friend, the Earl of Devon, then an officer on board one of the great galleys—"The Trinity"—of King Henry's Grand Fleet.

As no assault was made on the fortress—its garrison surrendering on terms that they should evacuate it with all the honours of war—the plan of using poisonous gases in the trenches, which this is the first and only instance of, recorded in the history of European warfare until 1914, was not carried out. Had it been otherwise, it would surely have been in contravention of that "Law of Arms," always so scrupulously observed by French soldiers; and as such would certainly have been severely condemned by Bayard and all the rest of the chivalric captains of the army of the King of France coming to the relief of the town, as well as by Monsieur de Pont-Rémy its noble and gallant defender and his officers.

But, as we know that there were several companies of German mercenaries in the town, would it be very unreasonable or far-fetched to suggest that these unknightly devices were the special, insidious contrivances—perhaps unknown to the French higher command—of the hireling Huns within the gates, already gloatingly intent on practising their mean and devilish tricks?

However that may be, the immense strength of the fortifications of Thérouanne cannot be doubted. In the opinion of Taylor, who evidently had carefully examined them for himself, corroborating many other observers, it was "a town so fortified with ramparts and mines that no age ever saw the like before. It was determined," he adds, "to demolish them": which was straightway done by some 900 labourers and miners, acting at King Henry's orders, blowing up the walls and towers with gunpowder, and levelling all—bulwarks, ramparts, trenches.

"As the city," Taylor goes on to say, "belonged to the House of Burgundy, Lord Talbot, who had been appointed Governor, promised to hand it over to the Emperor"—an act of chivalrous, almost quixotic, generosity on Henry's part, which turned out very unfortunate for the inhabitants. For "the Emperor's soldiers," thinking they had, on that account, a free hand to deal with it after their own

fashion, as a conquered possession, on which they might indulge all their innate cravings for savagery, "cruelly destroyed," so Taylor tells us, "the whole town by fire"—regardless of the injury thereby done to what was to become a portion of their sovereign's dominions.

Already once in its history—in the ninth century—it had been devastated by the earlier Huns. In our day again Thérouanne, now but an insignificant town of only 700 inhabitants, would probably, for a third time in its annals, have undergone "frightfulness" at the hands of the modern successors of its perennial foes, had they managed to achieve their long-set purpose of advancing in the direction of the Channel ports much further than the English army under French allowed them to do.

For standing as it does on the river Lys, which flows through the town on its easterly course towards Aire, Armentières, Courtrais and Ghent; at the point of junction on which some seven important roads converge; situated exactly 9 miles, as the crow flies, due south of St. Omer, and some 15 miles from it by road; and at almost exactly equal distances of some 33 miles from Dunkirk, Calais and Boulogne, it could scarcely have failed to come within the range of the enemies' lines, even though the strategic value of its position be no longer such as it formerly was.

When King Henry removed with his Army from Thérouanne, Wolsey must have been with him as he passed through Aire, Lillers, "Beatwyn" (Béthune), to a ford (across the river Surgeon ?) to Cambrin ; then through Hulluch, "to old Vendome (Vendin-le-Vieux) near the bridge, a place well fortified by nature with an impassable marsh divided by a narrow causeway a quarter of a mile long, with room for one carriage only," according to our excellent war correspondent.

From there Henry marched to the Canal de la Haute Deule, which he and his Army crossed by "Pount Avandien (Pont-à-Vendin) ; and so over six miles of equally difficult ground," to Carvin, and through Séclin to the suburbs of Lille. All this to-day is, or soon will be we may hope, sacred ground to the people of England. Not that little England of 1513 ; but that greater, mightier, world-wide England of 1916, which Wolsey was already laying the foundations of, four hundred years ago.

Outside Lille—then within the boundaries of the Netherlands, of which Margaret of Savoy was the Regent—the main body of the English army stopped and encamped, to the south-east of the town ; while Henry entered it at the invitation of the Duchess as her friend and guest.

"The people," says Taylor, who was present, notebook in hand, "crowded out of the town to meet the King in such numbers you would have thought none had been left behind." And, as he passed under the gateway, and rode along the streets, he was received with tumultuous joy by the inhabitants, and "with as much pomp as ever he did at Westminster with his crown on . . . his sword and maces borne before him."

As usual he was superbly apparelled, this time "in cloth of silver of small quadrant cuts, traversed and edged with cut cloth of gold; and the border set full of red roses; his armour fresh and set full of jewels"; and as he thus progressed, with an almost equally brilliant escort, through the town, "girls offered crowns, sceptres and garlands of flowers; and outlaws and malefactors with white staves in their hands besought pardon. Between the gate of the town and the palace the way was lined with burning torches, although it was a bright day, and there was scarce room for the riders to pass; and costly tapestries were hung from all the houses."

At Lille Henry spent three days with the Emperor, the Lady Margaret and her young nephew, the Prince of Castile, afterwards the Emperor Charles V; the time being occupied with

much banquetting, dancing, plays, comedies, masques and other pastimes, Henry himself playing on the lute and other instruments, and singing to the assembled Court. But "when remembering himself, that it was time to visit his Army, which lay at some distance from him strongly encamped, he takes leave of the ladies."

But it is not within the scope of the present volume to enter into details: neither about the King's sojourn at Lille; nor of his march thence to Tournay; nor of his investment and capture of that great and beautiful city—then the wealthiest in all Flanders, and the most populous of any on that side of Paris.

The day after Henry joined his camp before the mighty fortress, the glorious news reached him, in a letter from Queen Katherine, of the great victory of the "Northern Army" under the Earl of Surrey at Flodden—the death on the field of battle of James IV of Scotland, the slaughter or capture of the flower of the Scottish nobility, and the utter rout of all their forces. This great triumph reflected favourably on Wolsey, who indirectly had been the "Organizer of Victory," anticipating by his dispositions the Scottish irruption, and furnishing arms, munitions and provisions for Surrey's army.

Next day, under the walls of Tournay, in a great

pavilion of cloth of gold and purple, before King Henry and his staff, a solemn high mass was sung, followed by the "Te Deum," and an appropriate sermon preached by the Bishop of St. Asaph. At night bonfires were lit throughout the camp.

Just a week after this the garrison of the great fortress agreed to surrender at discretion; although not before they and its civilian inhabitants had had a little talking to from King Henry's famous "apostles."

On its submission, six thousand English troops marched in and took possession of the town; "and then," says Hall, "Master Thomas Wolsey, the King's Almoner, called before him all the citizens, young and old, and swore them to the King of England, the number whereof was four score thousand."

So speedy a submission by "La Pucelle sans Reproche"—"The Unsullied Maiden," as Tournay proudly declared itself to be in an inscription carved over its great gate—was evidently somewhat unexpected. At any rate, Wolsey, with his usual prevision, had not hesitated, at once on arriving under the walls of the town, to make preparations against a prolonged siege, in case this should have to follow its investment. Anticipating the autumn rains and floods, which he had personal experience

of in his earlier years in Flanders, he took the precaution, among many others, of ordering betimes the building of an immense number of wooden huts —miles of them, in fact—"of which a great part had chimneys," sufficient to shelter the whole English army of 40,000 men. They were so numerous and ample that they covered a space around the walls of Tournay three times as extensive as the area covered by the town itself, which, it will have been noted, harboured no less than 80,000 inhabitants.

Moreover, so solidly were these huts constructed, that after the English Army had evacuated the camp and returned to England—though leaving 6000 men to garrison the fortress—the huts were left standing to serve as permanent habitations for the numerous workmen engaged in the manifold industries of the town. There is reason to suppose that Wolsey had this already in his mind when he passed the specification of the standard hut, on the lines of which the rest were to be built. People in Flanders, and in France as well, had thus the opportunity of learning that when *at last* the English do a thing, they do it thoroughly.

We get this interesting bit of information about these huts—so revealing of Wolsey's methods—from the unimpeachable authority of Brian Tuke,

at this time a confidential secretary in Wolsey's office, in a letter written on the spot under the walls of Tournay, a letter which had lain buried for 350 years among the Sforza archives at Milan.

A few days after Tournay surrendered, Henry himself entered as conqueror—with even more splendour and glory than he had been received as a guest at Lille—into the magnificent city and maiden fortress, "the beauty of which," declares Taylor, "superbly situated as it is on the Scheldt, with its bridges, water-mills and splendid buildings, no one can conceive, who has not seen it."

Next night, "the King, remembering the great cheer that the Prince of Castile and the Lady Margaret had made him at Lille," and having invited them and the Emperor and "a splendid suite of ladies in chariots, with gentlemen on horseback" to be his guests in return, received them in his newly conquered city by torchlight; and there followed several days of joustings and tiltings; banquettings, dancings, and singings; and the maskings and disguisings, that Henry loved so well—"the garments of the mask being cast off amongst the ladies," who scrambled for them, "take who could take."

In the meanwhile, sixty captains had been made Knights, and Wolsey, as a reward for his invaluable services, crowned by the rich and glittering prize of

Tournay, was appointed by Henry to its wealthy Bishoprick of Tournay — the revenues of which (afterwards exchanged for a fixed pension) helped, be it always remembered, to build Christchurch, Hampton Court and Whitehall.

At the close of our "eyewitness's" account of the campaign he makes an observation, which, as he rightly says, "must be noted to be guarded against in future. English money, which greatly excels foreign coinage in value, was recklessly thrown away, thus occasioning great loss"—owing largely, as he explains, to the soldiers having spent their ample pay, while in the gay town of Tournay, with a profusion, which Henry VIII himself indulged in, and which his Chancellor of Exchequer and War Minister, Wolsey, could in neither case restrain.

For who, or what, could ever make the English soldier, whether in white and green, red, or khaki, be anything but open-handed?

The campaign was now at an end; and before the middle of October Henry was on his way back to England, passing through Lille, and then Ypres, where he stayed in the now Boche-destroyed monastery of St. Benedict. From there he went by Bergues straight to Calais; while the Army marched along the road by the Furnes-Ypres canal,

through Boesinghe and past Lizerne and Bixshoote, to Dixmude; thence to Furnes and so through Dunkirk and Gravelines to Calais.

The King, on 24th of October, "with a privy company took ship, and the same day landed at Dover; and shortly after all his people followed."

Some English officials, however, besides the garrison, were left behind at Tournay—among them "Sir Edward Grey," whom it is curious to read of as granting a passport, on the day the Army left, to a man of doubtful-sounding nationality.

CHAPTER XIX.

RESULTS OF THE CAMPAIGN.

Reasons for the Termination of the Campaign—One of Henry's Main Objects Achieved—His Fame as a Chivalrous Knight—Opinion at Head-Quarters—Impressions in England—Effects on the Continent—Depression in France—Enthusiastic Italians in London—Rejoicings in Italy—Bonfires in Milan and Rome—The Pope's Gratification—Henry's Letter to Leo X—King Ferdinand's Annoyance—"Put a Bridle on this Colt"—Maximilian's Delight—Turns out a Regular Fraud—Urges Henry to march on Paris—Henry rejects the Proposal—But fears a Premature Peace—Invokes his "Conscience"—Wolsey detects Maximilian's Treachery—The French fortify the line of the Somme—The Strategic Importance of Péronne—Danger of an Advance into France—No Renewal of the Campaign—Wolsey negotiates a Treaty of a Marriage between Louis XII and Mary Tudor—Rewarded with Bishoprics—Made Lord Chancellor and a Cardinal.

THE reasons which led to the abrupt termination of Henry's campaign in Flanders, as narrated in our last chapter, cannot be entered into in full here. Several considerations contributed to the decision. First of all, by the time Tournay surrendered, autumn had already begun; and the prospect of military operations overseas, in northern France, in autumn amid heavy rains and floods, and still less in winter, was one not to be thought of in

those days—if they could possibly be avoided. Further, one of King Henry's main objects in embarking on his great expedition had already been achieved. For his renown as a gallant and chivalrous warrior, and the fame of his riches and his power had resounded throughout Christendom. Especially awe-inspiring were his great and irresistible armies in France and on the Scottish border —amounting to 70,000 or 80,000 men all told— still intact, in perfect training, health and condition, elated with victory, and always provisioned with a regularity that astonished the world.

What was claimed for Henry's achievements at his own headquarters is reflected in Brian Tuke's letter from the camp on the day of Tournay's surrender, in which he wrote of the King's "unparalleled victories, always the few against the many, and always conquering—a proof of the divine assistance."

In England itself, and especially in London, the impression made was deep and lasting: and it set King Henry's throne on a foundation more fixed and firm than that of any English sovereign for nearly a hundred years.

In London on no section of people was the effect so great and striking as among foreigners—especially the friendly Italian merchants and diplomatists, who,

carried away by the prevailing enthusiasm, wrote glowing accounts to their friends and correspondents all over Europe. The Venetians, especially, vied with one another in their exaltation of "our great King," "our victorious King," "our magnanimous King," as they called him ; though Pasqualigo could not help putting in a word about there still being "*no business doing* of any sort."

In this way, and by the despatches from Henry and Maximilian to their agents at the various European Courts, the reputation of England on the Continent was raised to a point never before attained ; and its influence and importance in the councils of Europe established on a plane they have never permanently declined from since.

On the other hand, among the French great depression naturally prevailed ; and King Louis was so upset that he had to take to his bed. "The French," wrote Bavarin, "remain downcast in their fortresses, and they will now have to do penance and pay the forfeit for what they have done to poor Italy."

"Poor Italy," which had suffered so cruelly at the hands of Louis XII, of course received the tidings of that King's discomfiture with the wildest delight ; and popular rejoicings took place in many towns in the northern half of the peninsula. At

Milan, so often ravaged by the French, the Duke, Maximilian Sforza, who received a letter from Henry himself announcing his "defeat of the common enemy," at once had bonfires lit throughout the town; and he wrote back to Henry his warm congratulations on his victories, telling him that "in consequence thereof the hopes of the French in Italy are ruined. It only remains for you to finish the war. Greatly will it always be to your credit to have rescued Italy from the foul yoke of the French."

It was much the same in Venice and in Florence. Even in Rome bonfires were lit by Cardinal Bainbridge; his example being followed by the Emperor's Ambassador, and even Ferdinand's as well.

The Pope himself was as much impressed as he was gratified; and he repeated to the Venetian Ambassador, with evident satisfaction, what the English Ambassador had told him about the great military power of the King; the enormous sums of money at his disposal; and his intention to march to Rheims, there to be crowned King of France.

The effect of all this on his Holiness was intensified when he received an autograph letter from Henry, written at Tournay the day before his leaving that town on his way home to England, giving Leo

an account of the Battle of Flodden; of his victories in Flanders; and of his determination to renew the campaign in the spring, which—so he said—was only suspended then "on account of the approach of winter, the urgency of Scotch affairs, and the meeting of Parliament." One of the urgent Scotch affairs was the disposal of the Scotch bishoprics rendered vacant by "the slaughter of the prelates who were in the battle of Flodden armed, and"—as Henry complained to the Pope—"without sacerdotal habit." He asked Leo to make no nominations to these bishoprics until he had made known his wishes in regard to them.

On the other hand, the issue of the campaign had a very different effect upon the King of England's pretended ally, Ferdinand of Arragon. It was with bitter annoyance—almost amounting to dismay—that he heard how those English, whom he had so invariably disparaged, and that Army, which he had so persistently expressed his contempt for, had proved more than a match for the highly-trained legions of the King of France. Peter Martyr, a Spanish writer then a resident at his Court at Valladolid, wrote privately describing how Ferdinand had become "very apprehensive of the overgrowing power of the King of England." He even adopted with approval the saying of Caroz, his

Ambassador in England, that "it would be necessary to put a bridle on this colt"—unless he was to be allowed to run wild, regardless of the interests of the King of Arragon.

As to Henry's other ally, the Emperor Maximilian, he, of course, had every reason to rejoice exceedingly at what had been done; and, indeed, he expressed, with effusion, his thanks—as well he might—to Henry, who had so generously done so much of his dirty work for him; and had so neatly pulled two very fine chestnuts—Thérouanne and Tournay—out of the French fire for him; while he had done next to nothing himself, all the time, but look on. Indeed, his own contribution of men to the common enterprise does not appear to have much exceeded a thousand horse. In fact, all through, he had proved to be a regular fraud. He had talked very big; had swaggered and humbugged a great deal; had always been "very loving" to Henry; had still kept on calling him "his brother and his son"; had given him a lot of good advice—but all the time had himself done nothing much except steadily rake in the golden coin.

Even so, he was flattering himself that he could yet make a lot more use of, and get a lot more out of, "the dear boy"; whom he proceeded to urge to finish off the war by marching straightway

on Paris—which he assured Henry he could easily and successfully do.

Maximilian, therefore, was naturally not a little surprised, and very greatly vexed and hurt, when Henry declined the tempting proposal, saying—not without a certain degree of sincerity—that "as a Christian Prince he could not humble France unduly ; and that enough had been done to avenge the wrongs of the Church." He thought he was the more justified in saying this, as Leo X was, at the same time, urging him not to be elated by his victories ; but to ascribe all his success to the intervention of Providence, "and to make peace as soon as possible."

Henry in his reply, written on his return to England, duly, and in all humility, assured Leo that he "attributed his victories not to himself but to God alone. As God gave Saul power to slay 1000 and David strength to kill 10,000 enemies, so He has made him strong." He added that "he had read Leo's exhortations to make peace with great reverence." But he feared that "a premature peace might only be the source of greater wars in the future. Nevertheless, he would pay all respect to his injunctions and obey them as far as possible."

Thus fortified he felt he could claim the highest religious and moral authority, and almost the Divine

sanction, and pretend, at the same time, to the loftiest and most disinterested motives, on taking a line evidently mainly resolved on from considerations of prudence and practical advantage.

But this was just Henry all over; always having a wonderful knack of making a "virtue" of necessity—the paramount "necessity" with him being at all times his own desires and wishes. He had an equally wonderful knack, when in a difficulty, of getting out of it by invoking his "scruples" and his "conscience." For, as we know from his career as a married man, Henry often found it very convenient to have a "conscience"—always a useful auxiliary in England for any one who wants to get his own way, or to force his own views on others—even though the "conscience" be only a "non-conforming" or an "objecting" one.

But "conscience" or no "conscience," King Henry was influenced against a further advance into French territory, in the then season of the year, by more serious considerations than any reasons put forward by him justifying the withdrawal of his Army. One was the conviction of Wolsey and himself that Maximilian, as well as Ferdinand, was only waiting an opportunity to play him false; and that both of them, if not yet exactly opening up secret communications with the King of France,

were conspiring with each other to push him on into an impossible position, after making all the use they could of him.

There was another reason—the most weighty of all—which must have been vividly present to the clear vision of Wolsey and have steadily influenced his judgment—if not the less balanced and more impetuous disposition of his young master. This reason is revealed to us by some of those secret documents, which the unlocking of the treasuries of foreign archives has placed at the disposal of the student of history in recent years, laying bare so many long-unsuspected motives, so many mysterious happenings, so many long-unexplained actions. Nowhere is this reason referred to in any contemporary accounts of the war, nor hinted at in any of the ordinary books of history.

Nevertheless, it is certainly a fact that a great French army, undefeated and intact, had retired to southern Picardy and there taken up a strongly fortified position on the line of the River Somme, which they intended to hold against an advancing English force—replenishing with ample provisions and munitions, and strongly garrisoning with first-class troops, Abbeville, Amiens and Péronne. The last-mentioned town involved a position—as we have good reason to know to-day—of great strategic

as well as tactical importance, whether in a scheme for the defence of Northern France, or in a plan for its invasion.

True, the same authority attributed to Henry and his advisers the idea of avoiding, or turning, the French position on the Somme, and by a rapid march from Tournay by way of St. Quentin and Laon, going as far east as Rheims—to pick up, as it were, the crown of France on the way, perhaps—to advance thence through Champagne along the Marne on Paris.

So extremely dangerous, though boldly conceived, a plan, with all the tremendous hazards which would have been involved in its being put into execution, was not likely to have been seriously entertained by Wolsey. And assuredly in view of the political, not less than the military, aspect of affairs, it was a very wise judgment—whether it was Wolsey's alone, or that of a council of war—which rejected the idea, and resolutely determined to break off the campaign at the end of October, and bring the English Army back to England.

These several considerations seem sufficient answer to the criticisms of one or two writers, who appear to find fault with the conduct of the campaign after the fall of Tournay; as though the way to Paris was entirely open, and as though active opera-

tions had been suspended just at the very moment when a vigorous penetration of the enemy's country would have resulted in such a triumphant and superb consummation as the capture of the capital of France. But Wolsey and his military advisers, we may assume, knew pretty well what they were about; and had gauged pretty accurately what they could do, and what they could not do—more accurately than the Emperor, and much more in accordance with the interests of the King of England.

But, of course, Maximilian's annoyance and disappointment were extreme. So, to make up to him for the loss of the pleasant trip to Paris, at somebody else's expense, which he had been looking forward to, Henry gave him, on parting, a tip of 2000 golden crowns—worth about £20,000 now—to take back to Vienna with him. Henry further promised him another subsidy of no less than 200,000 crowns on the renewal of the campaign in the following spring.

But there was never any renewal of the campaign. For Wolsey, soon afterwards detecting the treacherous compact of Maximilian with Ferdinand to abandon Henry, with consummate skill turned the diplomatic tables on the two conspirators, by secretly negotiating a treaty of marriage between the widowed Louis XII

and Henry's beautiful young sister Mary, and making peace and an alliance with France.

Henry was delighted with this turn of events, and with the way in which he had been extricated from a very perplexing position by Wolsey's astute diplomacy. To mark his appreciation of his minister's great services he forthwith appointed him to the Bishopric of Durham ; and six months after the Archbishopric of York followed. Next came the Lord Chancellorship ; and then the Cardinalate —all within two years of the fall of Tournay.

If Henry turned on his faithful servants when he had no longer any use for them, he certainly knew how to reward them while they still enjoyed his favour.

CHAPTER XX.

WOLSEY'S NATIONAL POLICY.

Wolsey's Steady Political Aims—Peace in Europe and an Alliance with France—England to be the disinterested Arbiter of Christian Nations—Henry contented with his own Island—The Principles of England's Foreign Policy—The Fatuous Doctrine of Aloofness from Europe—A Mongrel Crew lures England to the Brink of Ruin—Its Terrible Results—Wolsey's Sane and Patriotic Policy—The "Wolsey Policy" results in England's Expansion Overseas—His New Navy the Decisive Factor in repelling the Spaniard—National Policy Wolsey's True Domain — Not the "Foreign Policy" of Subtle Doctrinaires or Mumbling Party Hacks—But of Life and Action—England and the King One and the Same to Wolsey—His Noble National Aims — Raises England to the Highest Estate among Nations—His Claims for Admiration and Gratitude on all Britons—The First Steps towards an Obscure Goal in 1513—The "Wolsey Spirit"—The Spiritual prevailing over the Material—How we are thereby sustained to-day.

THE alliance was a master-stroke: and it electrified Europe. At once England was raised to a higher place than ever before; and, by the genius of the man who had contrived it, became at a bound the arbiter of Europe. It was much more, however, than a mere move in the diplomatic game. It was the first, clear, definite step in the evolution of Wolsey's fixed and steady policy for this island Kingdom of England, confronted with the ever-

changing tendencies and the ever-shifting problems of European politics—a policy, the essential aim of which was a general peace in Europe; and for England, especially and above all, peace and alliance with France. And, it may be added, by keeping his country out of war to develop her resources and to make her great through being prosperous and secure. Such a policy, moreover, accorded with the real bent of the personal inclinations of the King, who soon came to see how vain and profitless for England and for him were empty claims to phantom dominions, or costly military enterprises, across the seas.

"I only wish to command my own subjects," said he to the Venetian Ambassador, "but on the other hand I do not choose that anyone should have it in his power to command me." And again, "We want all potentates to content themselves with their own territories; we are quite content with this island of ours."

As for France, Henry had no real animosity either against the French King or against the French people; and he had as little as Wolsey of that stupid, John-Bull prejudice against French things, which to a certain extent then, and to a much greater extent afterwards, under the fostering antagonism of rival religious and political ideals and

systems, reached such a ridiculous pitch among the denser and narrower-minded middle classes in puritanical England.

With regard to Wolsey's policy of a general peace in Christendom—each nation, great or small, enjoying its freedom and rights, all balanced by an impartial England—this too accorded with Henry's aspirations. Eagerly did he fancy himself holding the proud position of a disinterested arbiter amidst the jarring jealousies of Continental princes, resulting in a united Christian Europe offering a united front to the Infidel.

On this firm basis—making an end for ever of the absurd and unnational claim to the long-lost English dominions in France—Wolsey, with his unerring instinct, first established those broad fundamental principles of English international polity, which all the great English statesmen who have since ruled over her destinies have been content to follow.

Such deviations as there have been, in the course of these last four hundred years, from Wolsey's clearly defined limits, have invariably been attended with disaster to this country.

This has been the case not least when that will-o'-the-wisp, "a spirited foreign policy," has been followed for its own sake—regardless of the limita-

tions imposed on us, as well as the advantages secured to us, by our insular position. It has been the case still more when, with purblind obstinacy—regardless of the essential conditions of England's very existence as an independent State in the European system—our place-hunters have preached to comfort-hugging audiences the delusive doctrine of complete aloofness from European affairs.

This doctrine—expressed in the several phrases: "non-intervention," "splendid isolation" and "peace at any price"—has been surely the most preposterous in theory, as it has been the most terrible in its results, with which a great nation has ever been lured to the brink of ruin by a mongrel crew of sophistical rhetoricians and hair-splitting metaphysicians; of needy professional politicians and pushing lawyers "on the make," of the "whichever-side-will-pay-the-best" breed; and of self-sufficient, "superior," super-sensitive, super-exquisite sentimentalists—a doctrine now dissolved for ever in its own self-produced ocean of blood and tears.

From anything which could harbour delusions so fatuous and so disastrous as these, Wolsey's foreign policy—for all its steady striving after the ideal of a universal Christian peace—was as far removed as possible. Sane and practical in its immediate aims, as it was national and patriotic in

its inspiration, there was as yet, in those early days, no wider field for its action than the comparatively narrow one of central and northern Europe. Yet, in the rapidly opening and widening outlook westwards, with its new arenas, then being revealed before a wondering world, its essential and guiding principles were in no way incompatible with a world-extended influence. On the contrary, they were actually adapted to it ; and may even be said, in a sense, to have opened the road towards world-wide activities and a world-wide rule.

It was the "Wolsey Policy," in fact, as carried on after his death by Henry VIII, and as it was developed later by the King's great daughter and her ministers, which flung open wide the gates of the New World—with all its teeming riches and all its tempting chances, all its alluring hopes and possibilities—to the dauntless English adventurers, who went forth in fragile barques to breast the mountainous billows of the Atlantic main. And it was the "Wolsey Policy," which, infused with the exalting spirit of noble and national ideals, made possible the defeat of the Spanish Armada and the smashing for ever of the overweening Spanish power.

In this, as in all that followed the prime and decisive factor—need we say it ?—was that New Navy, nurtured under the fostering care of Wolsey,

which first bestrode the waves in the summer of 1513, and thenceforth—in forecast of its full glory in the coming Elizabethan times—swept in unchallenged majesty the northern seas, aflame with the spirit, forever after quenchless, of the heroic Howard.

But for that Navy, "this dear, dear land" of ours might, in very deed, have lain "at the proud foot of the conqueror"; crushed beneath the sullying hoof of the tyrannical Spaniard. That England came scatheless through that perilous time was due—so far as such things depend on ministers and their schemes, and so far as they can be traced back to any one prime ultimate cause—to the foresight of Wolsey, and to his policy, already pregnant with the great issues that followed.

And here we touch on what was pre-eminently Wolsey's own true domain—that of Foreign or National Policy—not "Foreign Policy" as expounded in portentous tones by doctrinaire "sociologists," or in the "juridical niceties" and subtleties of philosophers and "thinkers"; or in the dreary pronouncements of the pompous pundits of International Law. Nor "Foreign Policy" as mumbled about, by superannuated, played-out party hacks and officials; but a strong, uplifting National Policy, instinct with life, and expressed in action—action bold, swift, firm, clear and definite—wrought by a hand untiring and

unerring, to mould, control and direct all issues and events. In this, Wolsey, unequalled as he was in administration, was not merely unequalled—he was supreme. As Professor Pollard has succinctly expressed it: "In diplomacy, pure and simple, Wolsey has never been surpassed."

It was, indeed, the sphere which he sought and chose, by instinct, out of all others; the one in which he most shone; the one in which he eclipsed even his own wonderful achievements in other directions. For extraordinary as was Wolsey's grasp of the minutest matters of domestic administration, his genius, to use Dr. Brewer's words, "shone most conspicuous in great diplomatic combinations. The more hazardous the conjuncture, the higher his spirit rose to meet it. His intellect expanded with the occasion."

Ostensibly, it is true, in all this he worked for his master King Henry; but in fact and effect it was for England. For, between England and the King thereof, he recognized no distinction, no difference. To Wolsey, King Henry *was* England —but then equally England was the King. As Mandel Creighton put it with striking verity: "Wolsey's aims were those of a national statesman, not those of a Royal servant." Had he really been the mere courtier he is often represented as being, he might have retained the Royal favour by using, for

the cutting of the knot of the King's marriage with Queen Katherine, the means which the unscrupulous, insidious, treacherous Cranmer devised.

Wolsey's methods and principles were far different and nobler; as his aims and aspirations were different and nobler. National Policy, expressed and given effect to, through the Royal Prerogative and Person, *that* was the sphere, in which he more and more, in his later years, absorbed his vast energies and his marvellous intellect—the sphere in which he accomplished his greatest, noblest and most enduring work—the making of the dwellers in this small island—

"This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England"—

for the first time in their history a really great, compact and commanding nation—equal to the greatest.

This it was, which to him became his one, constant, ceaseless, absorbing aim: and into it he flung all his bewildering energies and all the resources of his incomparable genius. And before he fell he had attained his purpose. From the high estate to which Wolsey raised this our proud England, there has never been any real coming down since.

And herein lies Wolsey's great claim to the admiration and gratitude of every Englishman: aye, and of every man, who, under the shelter of the

British flag, turns to England as to a mother, from across the erstwhile sundering seas, now the far-reaching links, which—since that March morning of 1513 when the New Navy sailed forth to unending glory and fame—draw and clasp and weld us all into one mighty and irresistible whole.

This, above all, it is which seems to give a special interest, at the present time, to those first steps taken by Wolsey towards a then shadowy goal; and to make it worth while to tell of the opening of the grand drama—a moment when the stability of the Tudor throne, and the whole fate of the British Isles still hung in the balance.

Assuredly it may be thought to lend to his organization, as Minister of War, of England's New Navy and New Army in that portent-bearing year, a significance it would not otherwise possess.

For to us, to-day, the achievements and victories of Henry VIII's naval and military forces would seem too small and trivial to be recalled, did they not bear the germ of a long sequence of great happenings, culminating in the tremendous struggle which, at this hour, nigh paralyses our power of thought.

But beyond all these, and more significant and greater than any of these, is the fact that there was a "Wolsey Spirit" as well as a Wolsey Policy—a spirit of intensity, of enthusiasm, of passion for

England and for England's greatness, which though it has fallen low and feeble at times, has never been extinguished; and which has burst forth in our day in a splendour, a nobility and a fervour of love of country, and of self-sacrifice, for a great Empire, a great cause, and great and transcending ideals, never quite attained in the life of this nation before.

And above all it is the *Spirit* which counts; the true, lofty spirit, without which all else were vain and hopeless. For with the spirit refined and exalted, the obscure becomes clear; hindrances melt away; and things that seemed unattainable and impossible are swiftly encompassed and secured. Thus does the spiritual, surpassing and overcoming the merely material, ensure a certain and irresistible triumph to a just and noble cause.

It has been this, which has sustained our confidence and buoyed up our hopes in the long dark days of trial and disaster: the feeling, that the true spirit which animates this nation has never been sounder, never been greater, never been nobler; and the knowledge that—

"Nought shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

THE END

APPENDIX.

NOTE ON THE PORTRAITS OF WOLSEY IN THIS VOLUME.

A FEW remarks seem called for about the portraits inserted in this volume. Of these the frontispiece gives us a presentment of the great War Minister, in the earlier period of his career, which, though it would hardly claim our attention on mere artistic grounds, is certainly very interesting as being from the hand of some Flemish or northern French draughtsman, who must have seen Wolsey on one of his numerous visits to Flanders; besides having a very definite value as an iconographic record.

The question whether it and others in this Arras collection, including one of the Duke of Suffolk and several other Englishmen, are Le Boucq's own drawings or only contemporary copies by him from various originals by different hands, has been discussed by M. Henri Bouchot in his "Portraits aux crayons des XVIe et XVIIe siècles" (pp. 107–112), without his arriving at any definite conclusion: and now the demons of "Kultur" have probably

succeeded in destroying all possibility of our ever being able to decide the question.

Apart, however, from the uncertainty of authorship, the importance of the collection has been testified to by so high an authority as Mr. W. H. James Weale, in his great work on the Van Eycks. And, in any case, whatever precise value or degree of intimate authenticity may attach to this portrait of Wolsey, at any rate it disposes—showing him, as it does, in a nearly full-faced view—of the rather absurd, though long-prevalent legend, that he would only allow himself to be represented left side-faced, on account of some defect in his right eye. So far, indeed, was he from insisting on anything of the sort, that, apart from the portrait we are now discussing, both in an interesting old panel at Brympton, Somersetshire, now the property of Mr. John Ponsonby-Fane, as well as in one of the pictures next to be noticed, he is seen *right* side-faced ; while in one a wart is shown near his eye, and in the other also a wart, very small, between his nose and lip. As little as Oliver Cromwell did Wolsey wish to be painted otherwise than as he was—"warts and all."

Nevertheless, it is certainly true that he had some bad affection of the eyes—probably due to the enormous strain on them of incessantly reading and writing, in the crabbed script of those times, the vast correspondence that passed under his view. Skelton in his malicious satire against him—"Why come ye nat to Courte"—alludes to his being

> "So full of melancholy
> With a flap afore his eye"—

perhaps a drooping eyelid—though there is no trace of anything of the sort in any of his portraits.

As to the expression of Wolsey's face, Giustiniani, the Venetian Ambassador, writing in 1519, after saying "he is very handsome," adds that "he is pensive"—which agrees with Skelton's "full of melancholy." No doubt his ceaseless labours and his ever-increasing cares had abated much of that gay, easy, gracious air and manner, which we know was one of his attractions in the eyes of Henry VIII; but which mightily irritated the sedate, old, surviving officials of his father's demure court.

The photograph, it should be said, from which this plate is produced, was secured some years ago by Mr. Lionel Cust. Otherwise this interesting portrait would probably have been lost to us for ever, owing to the deliberate destruction of the library of the town of Arras by the malignant Huns.

Next as to the two other portraits, neither of which has ever before been published, or even privately reproduced: and first as to the head after the picture at Trinity College, Oxford. This, though far from being a work of any artistic merit, is not inferior to the similar picture at Christchurch —Cardinal's College—of which it may possibly be the original or the earlier version—though even itself, of course, not from life, or even contemporary.

But there is more in favour of the plate here printed. For, of all the many engraved portraits of Wolsey, every one of which seems ultimately to have been derived from the Christchurch version, as being supposed the most

authentic, not one—not even the fine plate by Robert Cooper, in the folio edition of "Lodge's Portraits," which follows the picture more closely than any of the others —correctly portrays the physiognomy or the expression of Wolsey's face in the picture.

Not that our photographic reproduction gives either a better-looking or a finer-looking face; but it gives the lineaments represented in this type of old picture—not a worked-up, "improved" or "picturesque" ideal, with an air of benignancy befitting the conventional ecclesiastic—but the picture as it really is—for what it is worth—revealed by the inexorable veracity of the photographic plate, and, therefore, less unlike the individual as he really was. Any one, indeed, who should compare the older prints and engravings with their Christchurch prototype will be amazed at their divergence from it. All the pictures, if they show a harsher, less placid and composed expression than the engravings, show also a stronger, more forceful, more determined individuality.

Yet, notwithstanding all this, the Trinity College picture, as well as all others in England purporting to be original portraits of Wolsey—including the curious three-quarter length in the National Portrait Gallery—are surely not, as we have said, contemporary; but "confections" all adapted or derived—some of them at several removes—from one single drawing or smaller picture—not as yet traced and identified.

Passing next to the head from the picture of the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," this also has never before been

published—either in engraving or photograph. Nevertheless it is of no small account, being evidently painted from life, like the portraits of several other personages in that strange, but very meticulously accurate composition; and therefore of an authenticity unequalled by any other known portrait of Wolsey in England.

Moreover, though on a small scale, and somewhat indistinct, from the paint being discoloured and cracked, it is not badly drawn; while it agrees with and generally corroborates the other two here presented—showing the same massive brow, the same resolute jaw, with the rather long, overhanging upper lip; the same look of clear-sightedness, power and unswerving will. Evidently, we have here one who would not be content with merely the saying of masses and the reading of his breviary.

Unfortunately, although some essentials of the portrait are brought out better by the photographic lense than they can be seen with the naked eye, others are lost in it. This is especially so with the eye, of which the white seems blurred into the pupil; whereas in the picture itself one can see them quite distinct; the expression being clear and life-life.

As before observed, the profile in which Wolsey is here shown is the reverse of the one in which he appears in the usual engraved portraits.

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